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Pro-Slavery.

Mr. Jay has written a letter to the *Globe*, which that paper published with comments of its own. Mr. Jay sent a rejoinder. The *Tribune* also published it and made a reply. Here is the *Globe's* closing of the controversy. It is just what we should expect from that paper. Had we room we should copy all the articles:

THAT SLAVE AGAIN.—Somebody writing in the Tribune, it seems, is very desirous of continuing the agitation in relation to the arrest by the Captain of the Mobile, of the boy Kirk, whose appearance among us formed a sort of era among the Abolitionists. We must make short work of the article, as our space is claimed for more important purposes. Whoever penned it shows a most lamentable lack of knowledge upon the subject, they having probably depended upon the authors of the "Living Gospel of Freedom, bound in black" for the facts. The writer says:

"The whole nine hundred policemen of this city were, by the verbal order of the Mayor, *without any legal process whatever*, placed on the *qui vive* for the arrest of the poor fugitive."

This, we will again repeat, *is false* in spirit and in letter, and will undertake to *prove* it to be so before any competent tribunal.

Speaking of the action of the *Globe* in this business, this champion of the "Living Gospel" goes on to say:

"It seems that five policemen were, under the advice of the Mayor, constituted agents of the Captain, to take the boy wherever they could find him."

The *Globe* never admitted any such thing, and we, as Mr. Greeley holds himself responsible for all that appears in his paper, will simply ask him to point to the sentence where the admission is made.

It is easy to make an assertion, but that assertion should ever have truth for a basis, and people who learn all their supposed facts by hearsay, cannot be supposed to have such an accurate knowledge of an event as an eye-witness. We claim, in this business, to know more than either Mr. Jay or the whole *Tribune* corps editorial; and even if we were an entire stranger to these transactions, we should be more inclined to take the version of the gentlemen whom we have consulted, than the second-hand assumptions of any political editor who affects a slovenly dress for the sake of notoriety, and eats bran puddings, *at home*, but regales himself on oysters and soft-shelled crabs at Windust's and Lovejoy's.

We have received another long communication from Mr. Jay, upon this same subject, but it is doubtful if our space will permit its publication. Be that as it may, we can assure all those most forward in this disgraceful movement of negro riots and contempt of the laws, that, if "the least said is soonest mended," so far as we are concerned, *the end is not yet!*

The *Hutchinsons* on Wednesday night gave their first concert since their return from Europe, at the Tabernacle, and to a larger audience than we have ever seen within the building. It is very generally known that in England their concerts were numerously attended, and they were, personally as well as professionally, welcomed by the English public in a very flattering manner. They were in the habit there of singing pieces reflecting severely upon *Slavery* in the United States; and this, of course, greatly increased the warmth of their reception, especially with the class of persons who were most devoted to them. It is not strange that they have been greatly flattered by this; but we are sorry that they should have been blinded by it into the gross improprieties which marred their concert on Wednesday evening. Instead of the simple and pleasing melodies which their old friends and admirers expected to hear, the Hutchinsons gave a series of *abolition* songs, some of which were so repulsive to the taste and good sense of the audience, that very many, both ladies and gentlemen, left the room. The Abolitionists present, of course, applauded vociferously, and this excited corresponding disapprobation from other quarters. For a great part of the evening the concert was made a scene of utter and disgraceful confusion. Suppose the Hutchinsons were to sing *Whig* songs, or *Locofoco* songs, at their concerts, who would justify them for a moment? And why should they expect that their *abolition* melodies will meet with more favour? We sincerely hope that the caresses and flatteries they received from the English haters of everything American, have not at once extinguished their patriotism and destroyed their sense of good taste and propriety.

Of their performances, in a critical point of view, we must speak in terms of unqualified disapprobation. The music which they sing is miserably poor; and their singing of it is almost equally wretched, without method, expression, or effect. Their voices, though feeble, are pleasing in quality, and as to the mechanism of time and intonation, they are generally unexceptionable; indeed, some of their modulations to remote keys in unaccompanied quartetts are highly praiseworthy; but this is the extent of their merits. We like very much good glees and quartetts, however simple, when properly sung; but the Hutchinsons give us neither the music nor the singing.—*Courier & Enquirer.*

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—For many years past, the State of New-York, as well as other States in the Union, has been agitated and distracted by a *clique* of fanatics and pseudo-philanthropists, who called themselves, *par excellence*, the negro's friends, and the advocates of his rights. After spending years in propagating their principles, and rocking the very foundations of the Confederacy, the question of allowing the negro to participate in our elections and enjoy the right of suffrage was submitted to our citizens, fairly and impartially, at the last election, in order that a fair and unbiased expression of opinion might be obtained, and the sense of the people of the State of New-York ascertained on this exciting topic. The result of the election, so far as the vote on this particular subject is ascertained, is as might have been expected, a decisive negative by an overwhelming vote. Indeed, we may assert that so large a majority was never seen in the State of New-York, as will be shown in the decision of this question.

The question then occurs, what will be the future policy of the Abolitionists and fanatics in this State? Will they, in spite of the expressed will of a tremendous majority of their fellow-citizens, insult that majority by further agitating the question? Will they not, as good citizens, accede to the will of the majority, and give over agitating a question which they are now convinced can never be carried? They should do so, beyond doubt; but if they do not, they will deserve to be treated, hereafter, as incendiaries and disturbers of the peace—as those who are not worthy of the title of American citizens.—*Herald.*

Selections.

DEVIATION OF VESSELS WITH FUGITIVE SLAVES.

We are glad to see by the following article from the *Boston Whig*, that the view which we gave on the insurance question, in case of vessels returning with fugitive slaves, is advanced also by that paper:

The following extract from a private letter, by a gentleman practically acquainted with the business of insurance, contains some useful hints to ship-masters, who may be disposed to put back, or to vary their course, in order to surrender a fugitive slave. There can be no doubt that our correspondent is right in point of law. Such a change of course would be a *deviation*, which would avoid the policy:

"I saw in a late number of the Boston Transcript, that a master of a vessel, in his voyage from New Orleans to a Northern port, after being two days at sea, discovered a runaway slave on board, who had secreted himself in the hold, for the purpose of getting to a place of exemption from that cursed thraldom under which he was held at home; that on making the discovery, the master *directed the course of the vessel to be changed*, although the wind was then fair for him to prosecute his voyage, (and had been so for all the days he had been at sea,) and put *back and landed the slave* at the Balize, the mouth of the Mississippi.

"On reading the notice, although but a brief one, it occurred to me that had the master reflected for a little while, he would not thus have jeoparded the interests committed to his charge, as he did by a *voluntary departure from the direct course* of his voyage, and thereby subjected his owners to the chance of having to pay a large sum of money to the shippers of the cargo, by reason of such voluntary and unjustifiable *deviation*.

"Suppose that, after he had landed the slave at the Balize, his vessel had been wrecked, can there be a doubt, that if the insurers had chosen to avail themselves of that act of the master in defence of the claim, that such defence would have been deemed a valid one? Or if there is a *doubt* upon the subject, is it not well to caution masters of vessels who may hereafter be similarly circumstanced, to prosecute the voyage to its destination, and run the risk of the operation of the slaveholders' law, should he ever venture within the sphere of its influence, rather than jeopard the interests of his employer by a voluntary deviation, that may be followed by disastrous consequences?

"I cannot say what would be the action of insurers in such a case as that I have supposed, but this I am prepared to say, that should such an one occur with the company with which I am associated, *I* would defend it, and I would resist the claim to the extent of the lawful right to do so, even at the hazard of being charged with the heinous offence of being an Abolitionist, which I am not.

"I abhor Slavery, and am ready and willing to do anything that is lawful to put an end to it;—yea, even if a slave should escape from the South, and claim my protection here, I would do my best to prevent his return to servitude."

MEXICO.

By the following extracts from two separate letters in the New Orleans Picayune, we learn that some at least of the "booted loafers" are beginning to see the obstacles which lie between them and the Mexican churches, and the spirit which is aroused in the people of that republic:

The ladies of Jalapa have sought permission of the Government of the State to follow the battalion of the national militia, should it proceed to Vera Cruz, and remain with the rear guard for the purpose of taking care of the wounded. This is but one of numerous signs of enthusiasm.

The convicts in the prisons of Puebla have petitioned the Government to march them under a guard to the point which is thought most exposed, and then place arms in their hands, and allow them to "avenge the outrages committed upon their country."

The troops stationed in the city of Morelia received orders on the 3d of October to march forthwith under Gen. Cela, and join the army of Monterey. The call for these troops reached that city at the same time as the news of the disaster at Monterey, and produced an immense excitement. So far from being depressed, the people came forward with contributions to support the war, and provide resources for the garrison to set out upon its march.

In one of the theatres of the city of Mexico there are two hundred muskets belonging to the establishment. In one number of the Government journals, we find a call upon the managers to turn these guns over to the public use, and supply their place with wooden ones, which would answer as well for the scenic effect. A few days after an explanation is made that the guns are not in good order, and, that it will cost more to patch them up than to buy new ones. We see, too, a variety of suggestions in regard to obtaining supplies of cannon of a large caliber.

* * * * *

The re-action that has taken place in the army, upon settling down quietly after so much fatigue and excitement, is really painful in its effects. There are few here whose hearts do not ache to see their homes and families. The uncertainty that prevails with regard to the future causes much uneasiness. What is to be done next? What has our Government done with that of Mexico? Is the war ended? Knowing nothing of what is passing at home, our latest dates from New Orleans are only to the 1st of September,) we can only judge from what we see and hear around us. Judging from present appearances, the wisest and longest-sighted of the officers have arrived at the conviction that the war has only commenced. During an interview with an officer of rank and experience, a day or two since, he showed me a letter that he had just written to a friend which contained his sentiments on this subject. He remarks:

"There never was a nation so much mistaken as ours in regard to that of Mexico. I mean in respect to its military renources. The people are warlike, and have an abundant supply of munitions of war. Our battles with them improve them as soldiers. Our invasion is held by them in abhorrence, and has united all classes in determined resistance against us. The battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and of Monterey, were battles with their *frontier* army. From this place onward, if we have to march on farther in this direction, we shall meet their *home* army, made up of hardy mountaineers, and a better class of soldiery. So far, I consider, we have not injured their nation, but done it a *service*, by defeating their old officers, thus causing their army to be placed under the direction of younger, more ambitious, braver, and more accomplished Generals. In fact, so far from the war being ended, it has just commenced. Our position is critical. Our supplies, at Camargo, one hundred and eighty miles distant, must be wagoned to this place. This long line has no protection. The rancheros troops, numbering near two thousand five hundred, are behind us as guerillas, and if they choose to act, our trains must be cut off. Although this is a rich country, its supplies are inadequate to our wants, except in beef, for any length of time. Our army, or the effective part of it, is too diminutive to meet a strong force. It is weak, physically, for it has now been in campaign over thirteen months, with scanty clothing, and much hardship and exposure. The volunteers are numerous, but, with the exception of those regiments commanded by late officers of the army, without discipline. I suppose our whole army will muster, when all arrive from below, nine thousand men for duty, and we hear the Mexicans have one on the advance to meet us of thirty thousand men. I am convinced, and so is every officer of the army, that we have done wrong and committed an irreparable error, in leaving the Rio Grande to march in this direction. To end this war a more vital blow must be struck against the Mexican capital; and that is, Vera Cruz should be taken by the way of Alvarado. We are now over seven hundred miles from the city of Mexico, with a vast desert to traverse. In a word, to make peace successfully with Mexico, something must be undone, and our Government must commence again. Discharge the volunteers and raise your regular force to thirty or fifty thousand men. We have the fullest expectation of the most active guerilla war against us. Move where we will, the mountains and passes afford every facility to carry it on successfully, and most disastrously for us. Our army, as now situated, can be compared to the French in Spain, when Joseph was driven out."

The following articles are also from the Picayune:

We extract the following from the Galveston News, of Friday evening, October 30th:

"From Col. Davis we learn that the Mexicans have totally evacuated the whole country this side of San Luis Potosi. The information has been derived from so many sources that there is now no doubt of this fact. They left behind some forty dragoons to destroy fortifications that had been constructed at Los Muertos, a naturally strong and difficult pass on the road to Saltillo, and about five or six miles beyond the Rinconada. They have also dismantled Saltillo, destroying whatever might be of use to our army, and which they could not take away. Thus there is now nothing left for Gen. Taylor to conquer but a barren region of rugged mountains and thirsty plains, affording neither water nor provisions for the subsistence of man or beast, over a distance of two or three hundred miles to San Luis Potosi. If, as has been said, Gen. Taylor has orders to march upon San Luis Potosi, so as to reach that city by the end of November, the question arises how he is to traverse such a country as he will have to do, by a forced march at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles per day.

"The only water on this route is in the Mexican tanks, which will doubtless be all broken up as the enemy retires. To carry water sufficient to save his army and teams from suffering, would probably require more horses, mules, and oxen, than are now in the army, all of which are required for the transportation of the necessary stores and munitions. In making this retreat, the enemy have doubtless adopted a wise policy, leaving behind them a far more formidable enemy for Gen. Taylor to encounter, (viz: this march,) than he could ever find in their own arms and fortified towns.

"This policy has doubtless been dictated by the sagacity of Santa Anna. It is stated on good authority, that he had sent orders to Ampudia to evacuate Monterey, and all other places this side of the mountains, but that those orders were not received till after the battle.

"After leaving the troops necessary to garrison Monterey, Saltillo, and other towns, Gen. Taylor will only have an army of about five thousand men, with which to penetrate into the heart of the enemy's country, and far beyond the reach of any reserve upon which he might fall back for support, in case of necessity. Such we believe is a correct account of the present position and prospects of our army, as derived from good authority. Gen. Ampudia has been superseded in command, but the name of his successor is not remembered."

[From El Diario del Gobierno of the 8th October.]

Everything we asserted a few days since, when we inserted the address to the inhabitants of New Mexico, made by the American commander who occupied that capital, in regard to the barbarous conduct observed towards Mexicans by the enemy, notwithstanding his flattering promises in regard to religion, life, and property, is confirmed in the letter which we append hereto, written by a person worthy of credit, in Monterey, to another in Saltillo. By this we can see what fate the invader is preparing for the inhabitants of the Republic, and how civilized they show themselves, who, in the name of civilization, seek to extend their domination over us.

The blood freezes in our veins as we think upon our brothers at Monterey, under the American yoke, compelled to seek an asylum against the barbarity of these savages of the North, to secure the honour of their daughters and wives, and to save their lives, threatened every moment by the ferocity of the conqueror, abandoning their homes and fortunes.

Such is the mode in which the laws of humanity are respected by these men, who would present themselves as models to us, who would reduce us into treason by promises which can deceive no one, because their acts, more eloquent than words, reveal to us the insincerity of their professions. And if the vandalism of our enemy presses now upon our countrymen at Monterey, upon our enemy shall recoil in the eyes of the whole earth the indelible stain of infamy with which these atrocities cover their authors.

All true Mexicans will see the fate which awaits us if we fall into the hands of this ferocious foe; and if our duty to our country, our sense of honour and dignity as citizens were not sufficient to compel us to chase back the enemy, at the cost of every possible sacrifice, still we must do it if we would not see ourselves treated as our brothers at Monterey have been since the victory.

It was indeed appalling to our enemy, when full of fear at seeing the conquered city abandoned by its ancient inhabitants, they comprehended, contrary to their expectations, that Mexicans were not disheartened by their calamity, and that, far from inspiring dismay, the triumphs of the Americans did but animate public spirit, enkindle the liveliest enthusiasm, and make of every Mexican a hero to repel an enemy whose cowardice is capable of abusing his triumph against defenceless citizens.

The war is necessary; it is indispensable. It will be the only means of restraining the enemy, and of avenging the outrages committed upon our countrymen, and the blood shed in battle. Fortune will not always prove adverse. When we deserve her favours by our sacrifices and our virtues, she will station herself on our side, and our triumphant arms will dictate law to the conqueror.

It is no less gratifying than uncommon to find such a tribute as the following in a Liberty party paper to the worth and zeal of a most honest labourer in the Anti-Slavery cause:

Though Dr. Hudson "followeth not with *us*,"—being of the anti-Union, no-voting, and non-resistant order of Abolitionists—yet as sincerely engaged in casting out the demon of Oppression by other means, we would not, like Christ's murmuring disciples, *forbid* him; notwithstanding we regret, that zeal and talent such as his should be withdrawn from the *political* action, in our opinion so imperiously required. A wide field of labour, however, remains before him and his Garrisonian colleagues, in their endeavours to correct the monstrous evil of the numerous pro-slavery *ecclesiastic* organizations, whose influences still help to paralyze the efforts directed in another line; so that, while constrained to differ widely from some of the Doctor's positions, as advanced here on the 12th, we regard him, on the whole, as doing good. His *tracts* will scatter needed light; and the subscribers he obtains for the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, (now put down to the half-price terms of one dollar a year,) may be assured of getting double the amount of matter thus paid for—exclusive of occasional unkind reflections upon "Liberty party," as it is wont to ray.—*Her. Freeman.*

From the Correspondence of Douglas Jerrold's Newspaper.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

One of the greatest public meetings ever held in this town was convened in the lecture-room, on the evening of the 16th of October, to receive William Lloyd Garrison, and to hear addresses from him and his English fellow-labourer, Mr. George Thompson, on the subject of American Slavery. Hundreds had to return, unable to obtain admission. The Mayor of Newcastle, Dr. Headlam, took the chair, and opened the meeting in a few apposite remarks. The Rev. Geo. Harris, Unitarian minister, in an able speech proposed a resolution expressive of welcome to the two indefatigable defenders of the rights of universal man—which was seconded by R. W. Swan, Esq. and unanimously carried. Mr. Garrison then rose, and in a long and interesting speech painted out the horrors and abominations of that accursed system, which he has opposed the Atlantic to expose. He was listened to with the utmost attention, and sat down amidst enthusiastic plaudits. Mr. Thompson then delivered an address of great power, chiefly directing the attention of his audience to the conduct of the "Evangelical Alliance," whose proceedings he stigmatized and denounced with undeviating severity. Mr. Charles Larkin was then called on to address the meeting, but as it was fast approaching midnight he had only time to move a resolution, containing the thanks of the meeting to the "illustrious stranger," supported by a few brief remarks replete with his usual energy. It ought also to be stated, that NOT to the "Anti-Slavery Society" of this town, but to a few *working men*, belongs the credit and the honour of getting up this meeting.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The Boston Courier has been favoured with an abstract of the correspondence of Mr. Gordon, our late Consul at Rio Janeiro, concerning the Slave-Trade, as conducted between that port and the coast of Africa, in connection with American vessels. It develops some facts that should be in the possession of the people. Should the letters of Mr. Gordon be ever permited to see the light, we presume they will disclose the fact that since the beginning of the year 1840, and previous to the recall of Mr. Gordon, sixty-four American vessels had been sold at Rio Janeiro, amounting in the aggregate to 10,418 tons; of which thirty-four vessels, amounting to 6,106 tons, are reported to have been subsequently employed in the Slave-Trade; and that, during the same period, there had departed from Rio Janeiro for the coast of Africa, fifty-six American vessels, and that forty American vessels had arrived at that port from the coast—in all, ninety-six American vessels, amounting in the aggregate to 20,295 tons, employed between Rio Janeiro and the African continent. Had Mr. Gordon been continued in his office a few months longer, we have reason to believe that other and farther investigations, calculated to exhibit a view of the whole trade, as conducted in vessels of different nations, and the proportionate participation of American citizens, vessels, and capital, would have been furnished to the Department of State.

From the Norwich (Eng.) Mercury.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

To review the Proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance in connection with American Slavery.

[CONCLUDED.]

In every one of their churches, there is a negro pew—a "Jim-Crow pew"—(Laughter)—where God's children who are present, and come to the communion table, are set apart from the rest of the congregation. Then the minister, having served the white members of the church, will turn and say, "Christian coloured people, come and take the Lord's Supper for your comfort. God is no respecter of persons." (Hisses, groans, and great sensation.) I tell that gentleman that he left the negro pew at home. While that pew stands, with any one of these men in the pulpit, with it before his eyes—while he tolerates it, I denounce him everywhere as—(the conclusion of the sentence was lost in a burst of applause.) I know these men; I have had occasion, through many years, to sift the chaff from the wheat; I know who are Abolitionists and who are not. Look at Dr. Cox: read his speeches at Liverpool and Manchester, and those also, briefly reported, in London: oh! he is exhuberant and overflowing in his hatred of Slavery. Well, Sir, two short months before he trod the shores of England, where was he? Sitting as moderator of the New School of the General Assembly of the United States; listening to thirty-one speeches in defence of Slavery from Doctors of Divinity, reverend clergymen, and elders in that Church; and I cannot find in the columns of the New-York Evangelist, which repeated the doings of that body, one word which he ever uttered in denunciation either of the doctrine or of the crime. (Hear, hear.) On the contrary, he said, "send me to the Evangelical Alliance"—he said to his slaveholding brethren—I repeat his words, "send me to the Evangelical Alliance, and your honour is safe in my keeping; if there be aught said or done to call your Christianity in question, I will walk out and shake the dust from my feet." I speak in the presence of ready writers: I have spoken of this elsewhere; I have spoken of it on one side of the Strand, while Dr. Cox was eloquently descanting upon Christian union on the other. Oh! I love unison, God send the day when union will not only be the rallying cry, but the motto of the human family; but, until you can have this union in righteousness and freedom; until you can have a union that will allow me to see my brother black man liberated from thraldom, never let that union come. (Hear.) If it is to be a union of white men, to the discarding of the claims of the black, perish every such union. (Cheers.) Then take Dr. Beecher; he emptied his college in Cincinnati, because his students discussed the question of Slavery, and drove out, (happily for our cause he did so,) some of the brightest men in America, because they thought they might be permitted to discuss Anti-Slavery questions. They might talk about temperance, moral reform, missions to the Hindoos or Caribs, to the Patagonians, or the natives of New Zealand; but they took it into their heads one night to talk about the negro, and that was a great offence. They might talk about the Poles, and send them banners to fight under, in their efforts to save their country from the grasp of the Russian autocrat; but they one day found out that they had Poles at their own door (a laugh), and they ventured to pity them. For this, Dr. Beecher drove them out. Theodore D. Weld and Henry B. Stanton had no more education in the college; but with the education of the heart and mind, with the simplicity, with the spirit and love of Christ, they went forth, as abolition lecturers, over the length and breadth of the free States. Take Dr. Patton; that reverend gentleman leaves his church in New-York, and finds a substitute in the Rev. Mr. Page. The Rev. Mr. Page is not many Sabbaths there, before he gets a slaveholding brother to preach for him twice on the Sabbath day. A paper in New-York ventured to find fault with brother Page, for getting the reverend man-stealer to preach the Gospel in Dr. Patton's church; the same paper also ventured to hint, that the Jim-Crow pew was not a very consistent thing in the Church of Christ—in the Church of Him, who, if he displayed any partiality at all, displayed it towards the poor and despised; who, amidst the Hosannas of thousands, called down the hated publican from the tree, and said, "Zaccheus, to-day I will abide at thy house," but who, if he ever was known to speak in terms of denunciation and invective, uttered not those denunciations against the wretched, miserable, and ignorant, but against those whited walls—those painted sepulchres—those Pharisees and Scribes, who, while they tithed mint, anise, and cummin, and had their Evangelical Alliance, forgot the weightier matters of the law—judgment, justice, and mercy. (Cheers.) Well, this paper ventured to hint that the nigger pew was not a very comely sight in a church where the praises of Him, who came "to seek and save that which was lost," were sung; and who will say to those whom he will separate from the wicked and place on his right hand, "Come ye blessed of my Father," and will give them Heaven itself, because, that in doing it unto the least of his brethren, they did it unto him. (Cheers) Well, the Rev. Mr. Page came out with a reply; he admitted that a slaveholder had preached; it was rather an oversight, but he would be more cautious in future. They did not exclude the slaveholder, but inquired whether they were slaveholders for their own interest or not. (Cheers and laughter.) Holding a slave for good! If anybody wants to know how to punish me, let him get up in St. Andrew's Hall, or anywhere else, and talk about holding slaves for their good, and I assure him that he would inflict punishment on my spirit, quite as bad as if he had inflicted thirty lashes on my back. (Cheers.) Holding slaves for their good! Violating God's laws for their good? Would you like to be slaves for your own good—that man there, with a hairy cap on—would you (addressing the individual) like to be a slave to the Rev. Mr. Clowes for your own good? (Hear.) He would look after your soul, and not send you adrift. What would you say to Mr. Clowes, if he had made such a proposition to you? He would not like to attempt it. Slaveholders for their own good! *A thing*: the man is gone.—What is a slave? A piece of property. What is a slave? A man whose every function and prerogative is annihilated. He who would enslave a man, what is there in the universe that he would not enslave? (Cheers.) I have no right to have a slave, till I can make a man. (Cheers.) When I can make a man, I can call him mine; but if God made him, he is not mine. Hands off! he belongs to God. (Cheers.) You utter a blasphemy by saying you will take him and hold him for his good. What, dethrone God for the good of the slave! If you make an idol and worship it, you have dethroned God: if you seize a man, and make him a slave, you have robbed God. Look on his face, black though it be; it bears the stamp and impress of Jehovah. Does, then, the reverend defender of Slavery "render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's?" When thou seest Cæsar's impress on the coin of the realm, look in thy brother's eye, and in his heart, read the image of thy God: render unto thy Maker the things that are His. (Immense applause.) I say to that reverend gentleman—hands off! Holding me as a slave! I must dwell on this. How long shall you live, I would ask? Have you a specific antidote for apoplexy? Have you an omniscience to foresee and guard against the casualties of life? Do you never travel by the Eastern Counties Railway? (Loud laughter.) Are you proof against any of the ills that life is heir to? Do you wear a charmed life? Could you not shew us you are immortal? Because, if I am to become yours, and my wife and my children are to become yours, and my progeny forever are to be your slaves, though you are a very good man, I should like to see your proof of immortality and of perpetual prosperity. You make me a slave for my good, do you? you die, and then where am I? Were I free, I might baffle with the waves of fortune. Quitting South Carolina, I might walk into Pennsylvania: or taking a fancy to go a little farther, reach Buffalo, or the centre of the Niagara river, and guided by the North star, might even reach the dominions of Victoria, and looking back upon Egypt, say, "I quit thee forever and for aye!" Make a man a slave for his good! "I will do it though you should hoot me out of this Hall." Do not hoot such a man out of the Hall: Christians of Norwich, pray for him; pray that the eyes of his mind may be enlightened, that the spirit of truth may come on him, that he may learn what those passages mean, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." "To obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." Owe no man anything, least of all owe him his liberty. Take not that which is not thine own, most of all, forbear to take that which is thy God's. (Cheers.) Oh! execrable sin, for man to aspire above his Creator. (Cheers.) Well, I must come back to Mr. Page; I never forget anything, however long my digression may be; I come back to the exact *page* where I left off. (Laughter.) Mr. Page wrote a letter admitting that a man-stealer had occupied Dr. Patton's pulpit; I call them man stealers. I cannot call them robbers; because if I did so, I should have to beg pardon of the highwaymen for classing them with such monsters. There is not one other expression which defines their crimes. We cannot put sheep-stealers and coat-stealers by the side of these men. Perish these garments, perish all that is called good in the world, but leave me liberty—liberty and a crust—friendless liberty, nameless liberty, disfranchised liberty, if you will, politically so—but give me personal liberty; let me call my wife my own, my child my own; and when I close my hovel door, hovel though it be, let me have it sacred from the aggressions of reverend man-stealers, who would make me a slave. (Cheers.) Well, now listen, if ever your blood crawled in your veins, let it be to-night. Mr. Page, I say, admits he had a man-stealer to preach for him. Listen, reverend friends, listen; hear what he says, and I will ask you to endeavour to determine in your own mind, if you ever heard blasphemy more unmitigated than that I am going to read. The Rev. Mr. Page, the substitute of Dr. Patton, recently in the Evangelical Alliance—see what is said by him, about the negro pew in Dr. Patton's church: "As to what is said about the 'Jim-Crow pew' in Dr. Patton's church, I will remark that there are quite a number of them there, and very commodious ones, too, situated, not in the lowest room, but near the head of the table, close by the master of the ceremonies. Indeed, they are placed conspicuous, right over the heads of the white worshippers underneath them, higher up a little towards Heaven than even the pulpit itself, at Dr. Patton's right hand, and near his heart, I have no doubt. They are seated just as the Son of God himself is seated (sensation), on high, above the great congregation, in the eye of all, and by the right hand of their best friend." (Expressions of disgust.) That is by the colleague of Dr. Patton, written by the hand of that man in New-York.—Did you mark the phraseology of that? They are the people up there; they go up by a separate staircase. I never was in a pulpit with that negro-pew, till it was filled with white as well as coloured people. (Cheers.) Why, Mr. Sheriff, if you have not heard it before, hear it now. No language can express the malignity of this said prejudice against colour. It follows a man everywhere. Here I have a noble-minded friend (pointing to Mr. Daly); a man with a fine mind and an eloquent pen, and a heart as big as the world, and bigger too. (Cheers.) He, if he were to present himself at the door of a theatre in Boston, the modern Athens, mind you, of America, would be turned back; he is a negro. If he went to the Zoological Gardens, he would be turned back with this intimation, that no niggers were admitted there. If he attended a revival meeting, and dared to enter at the centre aisle, and walked up with those who were seeking the salvation of their souls, he would be told that was not a place for niggers, but he must go higher up. (Sensation.) I saw enough of this; like Slavery itself, this system is vindicated from the Bible. I will just give you one specimen of the way in which it is done. I was riding in a stage-coach with a lady, who was tainted with the prejudice against people of colour. I said to her, if you cannot agree to mix together on earth, you will at last do so in Heaven. Oh, said she, I do not know, "In my Father's house are many mansions." (Expressions of disgust.) Well, Sir, so much for Mr. Page; having done with the parson, let us come to the Clarke. (A laugh.) He arrived, as you are aware, just two days before the Alliance Convention closed, he gave in his credentials in the morning, and in the afternoon of the same day, he was with me; he took tea with me, and sat with me during the evening. There were two other gentlemen present, one of them an American clergyman. I talked over the whole doings of the Evangelical Alliance with him, from beginning to end, and criticised their proceedings. He heard me express my opinions, but throughout the whole interview refrained from expressing any dissent from that opinion. Place that over against his assertion here, that he promised his beloved father, Dr. Cox, that wherever he goes, he will vindicate the course of the Alliance on the question of Slavery. He went with us at night to an Anti-Slavery meeting, where my friend, Mr. Garrison spoke. I will tell you what I said to him; I will be frank. I said, you come from a Methodist church in America, a country where Methodists are numerous, respectable, and influential. I know that neither myself nor Mr. Garrison, are in good odour with them, in consequence of our severe reprehension of the proceedings of the Alliance.—(Mr. Thompson here stated the caution he gave Mr. Clarke, against identifying himself with the advocates of unqualified abolition, and his recommendation to him to advocate the interests of the slave amongst his religious brethren, in every mode he judiciously could; to which Mr. Clarke gave his assent, and yet, notwithstanding what passed at this interview, Mr. Clarke had expressed his decided disapprobation at the course pursued by Mr. Garrison, and his determination to stick by the Alliance, as long as it existed. With regard to Mr. Clarke's statement respecting involuntary slaveholding, Mr. Thompson proceeded)—I say there is not one involuntary slaveholder in America. Take this case: My father leaves me slaves; has he made me a slaveholder thereby? Certainly not. Nothing can make me a slaveholder, but holding slaves myself. Your father left you a bag of money; you need not touch it if you consider it the fruit of wrong. Where did your father get the slaves? How could he leave them to you, reverend Sir; they never were his? Suppose the wife steals from the Almighty? that he may transmit them with other parchments and records? Time does not help you to sanctify crime. Say you that your slaves descended from the first cargo that were landed on the banks of the James river; they have been stolen goods from that hour to the present. How dare you, reverend Sir, take them? Your father left them to you, did he? You have a Father in Heaven, Sir, did that Father leave them to you? that is the question. (Loud cheers.) There is a limit to filial obedience—there is a limit to the acquisition of property. I suppose our friend will admit, that, when he looks behind him at the Ten Commandments, "Thou shalt not steal," is one of them. I tell him that if he dared to take one of the slaves his father left him, he is a robber of the first magnitude. (Hear, hear.) Suppose his father had left him *me*. (Laughter.) Why not *I*? One father left Frederick Douglass to his son; am I better than he? Am I better than the poorest wretch, who, with sun-blistered back, is at this hour on the rice plantation of an Episcopal Methodist Bishop? No; he has organs, senses, faculties, passions, like myself, a soul of infinite capacity like mine, taking a wider sphere, seeking eternity to bring forth its powers, and find employment for its unbounded scope. (Cheers.) Supposing I had been that slave: will the reverend gentleman come here and tell me to my face, that he would have made me labour? How would he have enforced his right, if I had said I would not be a slave? I am free, free in soul; free thoughts are never to be sold. Free to choose, I will take my choice. Do you say Slavery or fetters? I say fetters. Do you say Slavery and good food? or freedom, rags, wretchedness, and starvation?—Give me rags, give me starvation, give me wretchedness, with my rags fluttering in the breeze, and God's free Heaven above me, and his free wind around me, and these free arms to labour, I will go forth, nor thank you, reverend Sir, for your paternal care. (Loud cheers.) You will treat me kindly, will you? Keep your kindness for your pigs, I am a *man*. (Renewed cheers.) I have rights, Sir. I am not going to buy a mess of pottage at the sacrifice of my humanity. You will keep me, Sir; are you better than I am? If so, shew it me. Turn to your Bible, and shew me why you are better than I.—Why, God teaches me in His word that he is no respecter of persons; that he has made of one blood all the nations of men that dwell on the face of the earth; that Ethiopia as well as England shall stretch out her hands to God, and that He has His own likeness stamped on every soul. (Hear, hear.) Prove that I am not a man, or cease to claim me as your own. Suppose that I were to be that gentleman's slave—will he shew me his scriptural authority for forcing me to remain in that state? Where is his authority? How could he enforce my labour? Think of the reverend gentleman with a whip in his hand, saying, I will make you. (Laughter.) Mark, if he has a right to claim me, he has an equal right to enforce obedience. I will fix his claim to me upon that principle. If he can shew a right to hold a slave, then he can readily shew a right to enforce his obedience: has he got that warrant? I have always considered that that was the effect of a Christian man being a slaveholder. These poor wretches, the slaves, cannot talk as I can; but if they cannot, oh! what eloquence is there not in the scars and wounds of their chafed and mangled limbs; aye, what eloquence in that very stupidity to which they are doomed, for if there is more eloquence in Slavery of one form than another, it is in the form of him who is made but a little lower than the angels, reduced by Slavery until his woes are speechless, and he can but put himself all dumb and imbruted before men. (Loud cheers.) Mr. Thompson then, after a strain of touching eloquence and powerful argument, proceeded to observe on Mr. Clarke's statement, that there were a hundred thousand Christian slaveholders. He (Mr. T.) denied that the terms Christian and slaveholder could be put together. Mr. Clarke had called them *mere* slaveholders, but let them see how that term would read as applied to other matters: mere sheep-stealers, mere adulterers, mere drunkards, or mere anything else they pleased. He (Mr. C.) would not refuse to give the right hand of fellowship to a Christian brother from America, who was a mere drunkard, a mere adulterer, a mere pirate, or a mere extortioner; for if they were to be liberal, let them carry out their liberality. Why, in men stealing, all the crimes above enumerated were comprised. It was a crime against the soul and the body, against man, and against God; it was a perpetual crime. Drunkenness was the crime of an hour: Slavery the crime of a life. Every moment (said Mr. T.) the slaveholder was a robber: praying and robbing; preaching and robbing; coming to the Evangelical Alliance and robbing; expounding the Scriptures, and robbing while he expounds them; for while he is preaching here the slave is toiling there, and the cry of his labourers by him kept back of fraud, is passing through the ranks of cherubim and seraphim of the angel and archangel, and entering the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. (Cheers.) I tell Mr. Clarke from this platform, Brother, you have done the cause of your suffering fellow-creatures wrong. He says he treats Slavery in the abstract, but mark, it is in the concrete in Louisiana, on the sugar plantations. Mr. Thompson proceeded in a most convincing style of argument to combat the principle of voluntary Slavery. He contended that there were hundreds of young men educated at colleges in the Northern States of America, who went South for the purpose of marrying women possessed of slaves, men too who are seen at Evangelical Alliance and Bible Society platform in this country. He read an extract showing that the Southern Conference had elected two Bishops who were extensive owners of slaves. Can you conceive (said Mr. T.) of Christ and seventy-five slaves? Would he have been a slaveholder? No; if these gentlemen want to imitate Christ let them give up slaveholding; let them denude themselves of wealth obtained by robbery, and learn of Him, who, while the foxes had holes and the birds of the air nests, had not where to lay his head. They keep them for their good, do they; but they always keep them in the negro houses, and not in their own. They keep them for their good; yes, they have sofas and cushions, while the slaves have wretched mats on damp floors. They keep them for their good; yes, and preach to them such sermons as I will refer to. Mr. T. after quoting from the paper announcing the election of the two Bishops, proceeded to observe that the charges he had brought were applicable to all denominations in America. Excuses had that day been made in St. Andrew's Hall, which were not made in the Southern States themselves, where even among

you would save the slaveholder for the love of his soul, do not apologize him to hell. Do not soothe him with cries of peace when there is no peace. We do not unchristianize men by refusing them admittance into the Evangelical Alliance. I do, in my own mind, because I cannot see the congruity with slaveholding. The Alliance did not admit the Plymouth brethren, nor the Quakers, within their doctrinal basis, but by so doing they did not unchristianize those bodies. The resolution, which was adopted by the Alliance, instead of excluding slaveholders, expressed its confident hope that the several branch societies would not admit as members those who held slaves from their own fault; but as there was no law there could be no transgressor in admitting all slaveholders into the Alliance. It was said that abolition should be effected by natural means, and not by violence. Such were the means they adopted. Some Presbyteries and Synods had made the abolition of Slavery a test of membership. Gradual emancipation was nothing but the half-way between now and never. For twenty years a society existed in London having for its professed object the gradual abolition of colonial Slavery; and at the end of the period the evil was found to be neither mitigated nor gradually abolished, but the chapels were burnt in Jamaica. Would the reverend gentleman who advocated that principle, recommend a gradual abolition of drunkenness? Would they allow a gradual abandonment of polygamy—fifty wives to-day, but only forty-nine to-morrow. (Cheers.) Gradually running from the devil; knocking off a link a day from an endless chain! If the institution were righteous, let it not be abolished; if unrighteous, why was it to be spared? It had been said that God did not disapprove of American Slavery by the blessing which He poured upon the American churches in the Southern States; but nothing was more fallacious. "Christian slaveholders!" continued Mr. Thompson, do let me dwell on it just for one moment. Our brother, for instance, has said he would take care of the souls of his slaves. He spoke of being made the instrument of converting them himself. What is a converted man? A child of God. What is a converted man? An heir of immortality and heaven. What is a converted man? A man whose body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. What is a converted man? A man whose name is written in the Lamb's book of life. What is a converted man? A man above principalities and powers, hereafter to be a king and priest to Christ and his God. What is a converted man? A being for whom the attributes of Jehovah is pledged; who says respecting him, "He who toucheth him, toucheth the apple of mine eye.—Christ's brother a slave to the Rev. Mr. Clowes. (Sensation.) Christ in that man, the spirit of Christ, the image of Christ. But Christ is always on earth; "forasmuch, as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." Lord, when? When ye did it unto one of them. But Christ is in America; he is not in the Doctor of Divinity peculiarly, nor in the President peculiarly; but I will tell you where he is: there, in the field. Hark, the groan! with woman shrieking beneath the lash, when she ought to be under the care of the medical man and the nurse: there is Christ. Well, where is Christ in our brother's plantation here? I say he is to be found with a whip at his back: when God calls down from Heaven, and says Cain, Cain, where is Abel, thy brother? The answer is: He is on the plantation growing sugar, while I am studying my sermon for to-morrow. That is Christian slaveholding. He is making merchandise of Christ himself. Why, Sir, in the plantation when the slaves are sold as Christians, Christ is sold in them; they rise in value, as they rise in holiness and stature, as men and women in Christ Jesus. Now, who bids? Five hundred dollars offered for Jack, a good Christian. There is the reverend gentleman selling him. Who is he selling? Christ. Christian slaveholders! Thou art Christ's freeman; yet though thou art written in the Lamb's book on high; thy name is written in my ledger; and woe to any Brocks or Thompsons who dare get up and call in question my right to you as property. Christian slaveholders—Christian Beelzebub. (The above passage was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.) Mr. Thompson then proceeded to notice the kind of sermons preached to *slaves*, and quoted from a volume of discourses written for slaves, by Bishop Meade, of Virginia, in which the learned Bishop says, exhorting them to submission under correction, "that though they may be quite innocent of the crime laid to their charge, and suffer wrongfully, it is quite possible they may have done some other bad thing which was never discovered, and therefore the Almighty was punishing them for their former fault." Mr. Thompson then entered at some length into a detail of the proceedings of the Evangelical Conference, which he unequivocally condemned for its temporizing on the question of Slavery, and called upon his auditory to maintain the principle that Slavery, under all circumstances, was a sin, and ought to be at once abandoned. The eloquent speaker concluded his address amidst the loud and long continued applause of the audience.

Mr. Brock rose and stated that Mr. Clowes had, on leaving the meeting, requested him to do what he thought was due to him. Mr. Brock here passed a warm eulogium on Mr. Clowes's private and professional character, and suggested to Mr. G. Thompson, to whose candour as an opponent he bore testimony, to give a public expression of assent to the views, he (Mr. B) had just expressed of Mr. Clowes.

Mr. G. Thompson disclaimed being actuated by any personal feeling whatever towards Mr. Clowes, whom he believed to be all that Mr. B. had stated; he (Mr. T.) had dealt with the principle and the case put forward by that gentleman, and he had only referred to him for the purpose of identifying the source of that principle on the present occasion, and in so doing he had, perhaps, not sufficiently distinguished between him and his argument.

Mr. Brock moved and the Rev. A. Reed seconded, a vote of thanks to the Sheriff, which was agreed to.

Mr. Thompson solicited the indulgence of the audience to hear Mr Daly, a gentleman of colour, who was a native of a slave State, and who had accompanied him down to Norwich to be present at the meeting. Mr. Thompson stated some facts in reference to Mr. Daly, and bore testimony to the worth and abilities of the latter, concluded by introducing him to the audience.

Mr. Daly came forward amidst loud applause, but he seemed much overcome by his feelings. He stated that he was born in Virginia, and that could he disclose the secrets of that prison house, it would, in the words of Shakspeare, "cause their hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Mr. D. being unable to proceed, Mr. Thompson said that the remarks Mr. D had intended to make, being written, would be placed before the public in another shape, when they would have an opportunity of perusing them.

On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Scott, a vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Brock for convening the meeting.

Mr. Thompson called for three cheers for the abolition of Slavery; the cheers, and one for George Thompson, were heartily given, and the meeting broke up.

From the Liberty Advocate.

"OUT OF THEIR SPHERE."

Within a few days past two *women* have been enlightening the citizens of Cadiz by *publicly* addressing them—one on Science, the other on Religion. The first, Miss Pike, gave last week two free lectures on the science of *Mnemonics*, with the view of forming a class to instruct in this science. We heard one of her lectures, and feel pleasure in saying that she gave evidence that she is competent to teach what she proposes. Her style is simple and forcible, and her subject interesting; and we thought the audience did not consider themselves "out of their sphere," nor she out of hers, in receiving and communicating such information as was given.

The second, Mrs. Riley, a regularly licensed Episcopal Methodist minister of the Pittsburgh Conference, preached three or four sermons. We heard her last Sabbath night preach to a full house a regular old-fashioned Methodist sermon. It was done in a plain and earnest manner, and we thought her remarks made a salutary impression on her audience. She was calm and self possessed—selected a hymn and lined it out—prayed and preached, and concluded just the same as other Methodist ministers do. And although many went to hear a *woman* preach, we venture to assert there were but few who considered her "out of her sphere" when she was using the talents given her by her Creator in endeavouring to persuade a sin-ruined world that "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer."

We notice these things for two reasons: the first, to call the attention of the public to them, and to add our own testimony to their propriety and usefulness; and secondly, to ask those who thought Abby Kelley Foster, while lecturing in public on the subject of *Slavery*, "out of her sphere," whether their objections did not arise more from her unfaithfully rebuking the pro-slaveryism of the Church and State, and *pro-ing* that the ministers and members of the different churches in and about Cadiz are guilty of upholding the abominable system of American Slavery? or whether it was because they considered it improper for a woman to lecture in public? We don't believe the latter is the reason with a good many, for we noticed those who objected to Abby lecturing in public, giving countenance and aid in furthering the objects of [illegible] named lecture; and a clergyman, who a short time since told us he was surprised that Dr. Wilson and A. F. Hanna *actually* went to hear *Abby Kelley* lecture on the Sabbath day, we noticed particularly officious in aiding Mrs. Riley in her duties. We thought it right and proper for him to do so; but we could not help thinking at the same time with what contempt he expressed himself at the idea of *Abby Kelley* lecturing on the Sabbath day. We thought if he considered it right and proper for Mrs. Riley to preach publicly on the Sabbath day, he certainly could not consistently object to Abby Kelley Foster doing the same. But he may say the one preaches the Gospel and the other Infidelity. Judging by what we heard from both, we give Abby the preference, so far as preaching a *practical* Christianity was concerned. Mrs. Riley's was good so far as it went; but the other's was equally good, and went much further—she had moral courage enough to expose the pro-slaveryism of our *priests* as well as people, which is more than nine-tenths or ninety-nine hundredths of our present ministers dare to do, and which in our estimation, is the main reason why objections are made to women lecturing in public.

THE REV. M. M. CLARK ON AMERICAN SLAVERY.

It will be remembered that the delegates from this country to the Evangelical Alliance left behind them a coloured clergyman, the Rev. M. M. Clark, of Washington, as their champion, and to do the work which they either had grace enough to be ashamed of, or wanted the courage to perform. But Mr. Clark it seems has thought better of his first consent to act as a "cat's-paw" for Drs. Cox, Patton, and their associates, and in the atmosphere of England, which, close as it is, is better than that of Washington, has been converted to "comeouterism," as it is in the Anti-Slavery Gospel. We copy the following letter from the *London Patriot*:

Sir,—I regard the circumstance of my visit to England as an important era in the history of my life, respecting particularly the subject of American Slavery. I have not been accustomed in America to view the subject in exactly the same moral light in which I see it is viewed in this country. This is accounted for by the different medium through which it is viewed in the immediate vicinity of Slavery, and that of perfect freedom from such darkening influence. I confess I have been benefited in my views of Slavery and slaveholding since I came to this country; and I regard the discussion which has arisen as providential, tending much to inform the public mind upon the subject, as well as to give me clearer views of what is Christian duty regarding Slavery. It is true that there is no law of the United States against the emancipation of the slaves; but there is that which amounts almost to a practical prohibition of immediate emancipation in the law that freed slaves must leave the slave States within a given time, or they would be seized, imprisoned, and sold, perhaps forever. This is a practical difficulty which amounts, in very many instances, to positive prohibition, especially as such slaves, if they had the means, could not be transmitted by any public conveyance.* They must steal away and pursue their flight by night. It is very romantic to talk of their following the North star. This might be done by one in five thousand;—but not by the mass—the aged, the infirm, and the young;—but, especially in the States which are more distant from the free States. It was to such circumstances I publicly referred, and which have not been understood. Therefore, lest I should appear before the public of this country as one, in any degree palliating the crime of slaveholding, I feel it my duty to state, explicitly and unhesitatingly, that, *while a man holds his fellow-man in Slavery, he sins against the laws of God*; and the Gospel exhorts all sinners to immediate repentance. In regard, however, to the duty of the Christian Church respecting the admission of slaveholders to its communion, I find, in this country, various opinions among the best informed. But, viewing it myself in the clearer moral light enjoyed in this free country, it does appear to me, that slaveholding must, on the one hand, inflict an evil and impose a blot on churches receiving slaveholders into communion; or on the other hand, cause a privation to be felt by those whose difficulties in ridding themselves immediately of slaveholding are insuperable. *I see clearly that the latter consequence is to be preferred.* It is far better, in any case, that the slaveholder should endure the privation of communion, than that the Church of Christ should *even appear to connive at sin.* My own mind is, that the churches in America ought to use the whole weight of their influence against the practice of slaveholding; and one way in which they might powerfully exert their influence, would be to determine by the *Scriptures*, which they can easily do, that slaveholding is a sin against God; and he that continues in habitual known sin, can be, and ought to be, subjected to the rules of the Church, as in the case of other known sins. In this, the Church would be doing *nothing more than acting out her legitimate functions*,—coming out from the world, and placing herself upon a high hill, where her light could be seen, and where she would teach the world this lesson, that she could not give her influence—could not sanction or connive, in the least degree, at the sins of the world. The world would soon begin to feel and acknowledge her moral power, and gradually submit to her authority. But, while she connives at it, and cherishes it in her bosom, she compromises with the slaveholder, casts away her own power and influence, and is found shaking hands with the world. I am, Sir, yours respectfully, &c.

M. M. CLARK.

Brighton, October 9th, 1846.

* No coloured man can travel by the public conveyances in the slaveholding States of America without the personal testimony of a white man as to his being free. No manumission certificate is sufficient. The difficulty of a slave obtaining such white testimony amounts to obstruction; to say nothing of wicked men, in the slave States through which they have to pass, robbing freed men of their papers, and immediately selling their persons into perpetual bondage; and the poor sufferer has no redress.

M. M. C.

Communications.

Thoughts on the Constitution.

Hinsdale, November 1, 1846.

Friend Gay:—I have thought to transmit to you a few thoughts that occasionally occupy my mind in regard to the inconsistency of those who are so zealous for a rigid adhesion to the Constitution in all its provisions. They will unhesitatingly endorse, as correct, the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, to wit: that "all men are created equal," &c.; they unhesitatingly extend their justification to the revolutionists of '76; to pronounce their eulogy, and expatiate on the merits of their patriotism, and indomitable purpose to be FREE, is an exercise than which nothing is more delightful, and that, too, when the grievance complained of was, in a word, a three-penny tax on their tea,—a grievance compared with which Thomas Jefferson says, "one *hour* of the suffering that the slave is called to endure, is fraught with more misery than *ages* of that which the Fathers rose in rebellion to resist,"—and yet, should the three millions of American citizens, whose comparative sufferings are as we have just shown, in imitation of the three millions towards whom they extend their unhesitating justification, appeal to the sword for a redress of grievances, these individuals seem to vie with each other who *first*, and *most solemnly*, shall take the oath of unhesitating fidelity and support to a Constitution which requires of them that they shoulder their muskets and assist the tyrant in again placing his heel on the neck of the insurgent slave!

Again: They will speak in terms of the highest commendation of Lafayette, as the great philanthropist and lover of equal rights. Now, should Lafayette the younger, like his noble father, look far across the mighty deep, and beholding the *greater* sufferings, as we have already seen, of three millions of American citizens, unsheath his sword and strike for liberty, how ready are these characters to put the lie to all their professions of regard for the *father*, by swearing to support a Constitution that requires of them to draw the heart's blood of the *son*, and that, too, for the crime of re-acting the approved course of the father! They swear to support a Constitution that pledges them to "deliver up" the fugitive slave, though the Bible says, "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant that has escaped from his master unto thee." They swear to support a Constitution that holds out all the inducements to slaveholding connected with saying to the slaveholder, "Increase the number of your slaves by five, and your influence in the Federal Government shall be equal to that of *four Governors of the free States!*

But in relation to the obligation of the free States to suppress insurrections, I claim that all the guilt attaches here that would if we had all actually buried our bayonets in the heart's core of the insurgent slave. Suppose for instance, that I demand of three of my neighbours that they enter into my employ without reward or remuneration. It is apparent that, relying on my own authority and power, I could not enforce obedience to this requisition. But, suppose I say to them (and they credit the assertion) that "six of my neighbours have given me their solemn oath that if you refuse to obey my behest in this matter, they will appear and enforce obedience," it is obvious they would acquiesce, and that equal guilt attaches to my neighbours as to myself.

Respectfully yours,

E. F. HUSTIS.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1846.

Dr. Follen and the Liberty Party.

In the Address of the Southern and Western Liberty Convention, to the people of the United States, held at Cincinnati, there is a quotation from an article written by Dr. Follen, in the summer of '36, for the Quarterly Anti-Slavery Magazine, entitled, the "Cause of Freedom in our Country."

It is so evident to me that the writer of the address is not justified in the use he makes of this passage, that I feel bound to give my testimony upon the subject, and to state what I am certain were Dr. Follen's real views, for I do not feel free to see his name, and the weight of his character, used in favour of a cause of which I am convinced he would not approve.

The object of the article by Dr. Follen, was to show the strife that always has existed between the principle of freedom and oppression, and how fearful were the encroachments of Slavery in our own land. The passage quoted, forms the concluding paragraph, and is as follows:

"If there ever is to be in this country a party that shall take its name and character, not from particular liberal measures, or popular men, but from its uncompromising adherence to freedom, a truly liberal and thoroughly republican party, it must direct its first decided effort against the grossest form, the most complete manifestation of oppression; and having taken Anti-Slavery ground, it must carry out the principle of Liberty in all its consequences. It must support every measure conducive to the greatest possible individual and social, moral, intellectual, religious, and political freedom, whether that measure be brought forward by inconsistent slaveholders or consistent freemen. It must embrace the whole sphere of human actions; watching and opposing the slightest illiberal and anti-republican tendency, and ever concentrating its whole force and influence against Slavery itself, in comparison with which every other species of tyranny is tolerable, and by which every other is strengthened and justified."

"Thus," says the writer of the address, "wrote Charles Follen, in '36. It is impossible to express better the want which enlightened lovers of liberty felt of a real democratic party in the country, democratic not in name only, but in deed and in truth."

The writer then goes on to prove that from a sense of this want the Liberty party had its origin. He says "that a party was called for which was not merely an abolition party, but also a democratic party, aiming at the extinction of Slavery, because Slavery was inconsistent with democratic principles." He calls the Liberty party of '45, the Liberty party of '76 revived. "It is more," he says. "It is the party of advancement of freedom, which has in every age, and with varying success, fought the battles of human liberty against the party of false conservatism and Slavery." The writer then calls on all to join this party.

That there have been many short-sighted, honest people who have really believed that the Liberty party was what it thus pretended to be, cannot be denied, but now, at this period of its history, there are surely few who do not see that if such was the honest aim of its leaders, they have most lamentably missed of it, that if true liberty and real advancement were the objects they were contending for, they have either not been very valiant or have been peculiarly unfortunate in the contest. But this is not the question. It is simply this, whether Dr. Follen did really anticipate in these words of his the formation of such a party as the Liberty party, and whether he would ever have given himself to it.

It is true that he did believe that this country was to be saved by a party, which should be grounded and built upon the everlasting principles of right, which should not rest for its support upon popular men or measures, but upon its uncompromising and consistent adherence to freedom, a truly liberal party, a truly Christian party, which should take its stand on real Anti-Slavery ground, and carry out the principle of liberty in all its consequences.

It was his devotion to this principle that made him oppose the first movement of bigotry and tyranny in the Anti-Slavery ranks, and take part against those whom he considered as oppressors. He saw the approaches of a truly pro-slavery spirit in the effort to exclude woman from voting, in the shameless purpose to "throw Garrison overboard," as the phrase was, he, the true apostle of freedom in our land, with whom it was an honour and glory to labour. And why did they wish to cast out Garrison? It was because he was faithful to liberty, and would not bend the knee to clerical, or any other tyranny. It was fidelity to these principles which led Dr. Follen to condemn and oppose Mr. Birney, for whom he had a great personal regard, and Mr. Gerrit Smith, for whom he had a very deep and tender respect.

Every one knows that at the time when the Anti-Slavery Society divided, he remained devoted to the Old Organizationists, whom he considered the true adherents to Anti-Slavery principles. He considered them the party of "advancement and freedom;" he knew that they did not seek their own advantage, but that of the slave; he considered them the forlorn hope of freedom in this, our degraded land. One of his last acts was a testimony of respect and trust to Mr. Garrison, and one of his last efforts for the good of his little society, at East Lexington, was to request them to listen to Mr. Garrison as the true champion of freedom.

Is it possible that he would ever have joined a party who has denounced Mr. Garrison for his fidelity to these principles? whose leaders have defrauded and villified a society which has never departed from these principles of justice and freedom, principles for which he was ever ready to lay down his life.

Charles Follen never could have taken part with any man or society of men so recreant to truth and justice. But suppose that all the conduct of the New Organizationists, or Third party, or Liberty party, or whatever name the opposers to the party of "advancement and freedom" may take,—suppose all their conduct had been, from the first, fair, and honourable, and manly, and Christian; that they had not taken what did not belong to them, refusing to confess or repent of their dishonest act; suppose they had not been guilty of falsehood, and trickery, and injustice; suppose, on the contrary, that this party had always acted in good faith, that they had respected the rights of property, and the demands of truth and decency; that the good of the slave alone had guided them; that they had evidently sought no advantage for themselves, but by their self-sacrificing lives and conduct had shown, beyond all question, that they were acting in the spirit of martyrs to a holy cause, and that it was evident that the difference between them and their brethren of the old Society was only a difference of opinion; would Dr. Follen *then* have been on their side of the question? I think not; I feel sure of it. Neither do I think that the passage quoted by the author of the pamphlet indicates it. In his address to the people of the United States, written in '34, Dr. Follen says: "The Anti-Slavery Society is not a new sect or party, coming forward to mingle in the strife of politics or the controversies of religion." This I know continued to be his opinion upon this subject. I have heard him speak of the absurdity of the Abolitionists attempting to form a political party of their own, by themselves, and thereby losing their influence and throwing away their power. He had a great respect for those of his friends who would not vote at all, and the number was much smaller than there now is, he, himself, believed in doing, but he thought the only thing for the Abolitionists to do was to endeavour to force one of the great parties to put up a man who should pledge himself to oppose Slavery, and then vote for him; in short, to imitate the policy of the Abolitionists of England. All other political action of the Abolitionists he considered child's play.

On this question, however, his mind was not perfectly settled, he was disgusted with both parties, and saw how little hope there was from politicians.

Dr. Channing's strong expressions with regard to the virtual dissolution of the Union if Texas was annexed, he entirely approved of, and considered them as containing the true doctrine. It is not to be doubted for a moment, that the perpetration of this act, and the continual encroachments of Slavery, would, if he had not before joined the disunionists, have driven him to their ranks.

It is my firm conviction, that he would long since have recognized the justice, the unanswerable power of the arguments, which have forced Garrison, Quincy, and Phillips, and others, to this conclusion, and that he would have joined in the very first cry of, "No union with slaveholders."

He did, indeed, from his earliest youth, believe in the possibility of the existence of a party, which should embrace the whole sphere of human action; watching and opposing the slightest illiberal and anti-republican tendency, and concentrating its whole force and influence against Slavery in every form. This party, I think, he would recognize as formed by those who have resolved through evil report and good report, that they will keep themselves aloof from an unholy Government, that sanctions and supports Slavery; and that they will protest in every way in their power, against a Union which enforces upon us the obligation to violate the dearest rights of man, and which is, indeed, an agreement with sin. Such a covenant he would have forsworn, such bonds he would have broken.

Dr. Follen had great faith in man, in the power of the individual and of nations, to redeem themselves from the very lowest state of degradation; he would not even now have despaired of our unhappy country.

He laboured and suffered, first in his own country, and afterwards in this, as a reformer; he believed in the benefit of men's binding themselves together, for great moral, social, and political objects; he thought a state of society possible, in which every man, through his own efforts, should make himself a model of a perfect state; and thus a reform be commenced which should have no limit. In writing the passage which has been quoted to prove that he had a prophetic vision of the Liberty party, I doubt not that the cherished dreams of his early youth appeared to his mind, and that this truly moral and religious reform which he yet hoped for, was again in his thoughts, as a possible reality. Need this hope of his be a chimera? May not the true-hearted, devoted Abolitionists, who have thrown themselves back upon the great first principles of eternal right, turn this his dream into a reality? May they not so consecrate themselves to the law of justice and universal brotherhood, that men shall be won to the cause of God and humanity, and so a true reformation be commenced which shall, of necessity, unloose every yoke, and set all the bondmen free.—E. L. F.

The Church Militant.

We published a few weeks since an account of a riot in Southampton county, Virginia, when the Rev. Mr. Gray, a travelling minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, was expelled from the town by a mob. His offence was that he was from the wrong side of Mason and Dixon's line. Between the Church South and the Church North, there is no difference in spirit, and all the difference there is, is merely accidental. The Church South chooses to have slaveholding Bishops, because, being a Church South, the only men whom she would be likely to choose as Bishops are also the men who are pretty sure to be slaveholders. The Church North, on the other hand, is surrounded by, and imbued with that much of Anti-Slavery that she is compelled to declare that to be a Bishop a man must first cease to be what Wesley called a man-thief. We must do the Church South the credit to say, however, that she has insisted upon slaveholding Bishops as a matter of principle, while the Church North has adopted the opposite position, merely as a matter of expediency. Their difference, then, is accidental. They are churches North and South merely because they happen to be in different degrees of latitude. In spirit, in government, in doctrine, and in discipline, they are identical. The one is for non-slaveholding Bishops, and the other for slaveholding Bishops, because the one happens to be in a non-slaveholding community, and the other in a slaveholding community. The Rev. Mr. Gray was mobbed there because he is a minister of the Church North: and the sin of the Church North is—that it is the Church North. The day after he was ejected from the pulpit, he appeared with several of the members of the Church, before the County Court, to seek redress, but he and his friends were ordered by the rioters, in the very presence of the majesty of the law, to depart, and the Judge of the County Court yielded precedence to Judge Lynch. It does not appear that the reverend gentleman had offended in aught that he had said. He was only geographically a sinner, and therefore rode hastily out of the county of Northampton, on his own horse, in preference to the rail, which was tendered him, and which, had he delayed, he would have been obliged to accept.

Now, lest this outrage should be attributed to the "lewd followers of the baser sort," we beg our readers to bear in mind that it was an evangelical mob. The Rev. Dr. Early, of the Virginia Conference, had, on a "sacramental occasion," warned the public of the danger to which they were exposed by suffering Northern preachers to come among their slaves, and reminded them that there was no *legal* prevention. Of course, he could only be understood that there was a way, though not a legal one, by which they could defend the Border. And the people took the hint, as we have seen.

But the Dr.'s influence is not limited to Northampton county. The wholesome excitement spread to the neighbouring county of Accomac, which once had the honour of being represented in Congress by Henry A. Wise, and of which he boasted that it was guiltless of newspapers, and, if we remember right, of schools also. A public meeting was called "to take into serious consideration the serious evils to be apprehended from the adherence of the Methodists of this county to the Philadelphia Conference, *and to urge upon them the necessity* of their connecting themselves with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South." The Judge, the Hon. George P. Scarborough—in whose august presence Mr. Gray and his friends were turned out of the court-house by the mob—presided at this meeting. The offending Methodists appeared, probably, to show cause for their presuming to hold a connection with a Conference on the wrong side of the Border. But such presumption was not to be borne, and his honour, the Judge, ruled them as out of order, in presuming to be present. A series of resolutions were then passed, calling upon these proscribed Methodists to dissolve their connection with the Philadelphia Conference. The *Christian Advocate and Journal*, of this city—from which we gather these facts—sets forth in the strongest light the injustice of these proceedings, when, alluding to the Northern preachers, whom Dr. Early, and his friends, the Judge, and the mobocrats, consider so dangerous, it says: "they could not be called Northern, any more than Southern men, for they were itinerant Methodist preachers, whose parish is the world, and whose sole business it is to follow the example of their Lord in "going about doing good." By which the *Journal* means that preaching against Slavery was no part of their business, and that their Southern brethren were needlessly alarmed in supposing that they would make it such.

We are thus particular in bringing these details before our readers, because they show so conclusively, the spirit of the South, and are another answer, if any more were needed, to the assertion that the slaveholders could be approached by gentler measures and gentler words than the Abolitionists have used. Violence in Anti-Slavery certainly cannot be attributed to the Methodist Episcopal Church. No ecclesiastical body in the country has so truly earned the right to repel such a charge. Their only offence has been that relating to the Bishops. The Northern section deprecated division, and were willing that every Southern member should be a slaveholder except the Bishops. But this was cause sufficient to the South for the partial division that has taken place, and now, when an inoffensive preacher, who, it appears, had no intention of interfering with Slavery, crosses the line, he is mobbed out of the county, at the instigation of a Doctor of Divinity. There must be some other cause for the hostility of the South to Anti-Slavery than the violence of the Abolitionists—supposing that there has been any—if she cannot even bear the presence of a Northern preacher within her borders, and will not permit her people to be members of a Northern Conference.

The Slave Case Again.—The Globe.

We publish on our first page another article from the *Globe*—the slave-catcher's journal—in which it insists upon its former assertions, in regard to the case of George Kirk. We are not surprised at the pertinacity of that paper. It has a personal interest in removing the stigma which has been fixed upon the police. While Kirk lay concealed in this building, among a knot of the police slave-hunters who were watching for him one was pointed out to us as a reporter for the *Globe*. We presume that this person is the writer of these articles, and the *esprit du corps*, by which he is governed, and the Democratic affinity of that print for negro-hunters, accounts for its position. Nevertheless, we doubt if this community will be persuaded that the testimony of Mr. Brady, by whose advice the police were ordered out, and that of Mr. Jay, who received the assurance of the Chief that they were on the *qui vive*, should be set aside upon the unsupported assertion of the *Globe*, and its policeman reporter. And, indeed, if the testimony of Messrs. Brady and Jay were not sufficient evidence of the fact that the Mayor authorized nine hundred policemen to turn out as slave-catchers, and that the police sprang gladly from their lesahes, stimulated by the jingle of the captain's fifty dollars, we have the still further testimony of the *Globe* itself. In the reply to Mr. Jay's letter, that paper acknowledges that "the captain of the Mobile did *verbally* authorize several of the police corps to take the boy wherever they could find him. [illegible] several" were of course acting without any legal warrant. The *Globe* says they were acting under a law authorizing the captain to make the arrest. But this law, though it *authorizes* the captain to arrest a fugitive slave found on board his vessel, does not *compel* the Police to assist him. These policemen at least were acting *voluntarily*. Now hear the *Globe* again:

There were five officers, we believe, so deputized, and Mr. Brady only declared—this was also, all that the Mayor pledged the police to perform—that in case the captain or his *agents* should be molested or *resisted* in the performance of a *legal* arrest, "to *preserve the peace*," not only nine hundred, but nine thousand men should be employed. And so they would.

Now here we have the whole story. The captain offered a reward of fifty dollars to catch this poor boy, and constituted five policemen his agents, and the Mayor steps in, and "*pledges*" the whole nine hundred, and would have pledged nine thousand, if it had been necessary, to preserve the peace, if the five had been resisted! That is, five men were to take the boy where they could find him, and eight hundred and eighty-five others were "pledged" by the Mayor to protect them in doing it! Granting, for the sake of argument, that an arrest by the captain would have been legal, under the statute, yet the Mayor and his whole force were acting as *volunteers* in assisting him. Thanks to the Globe's policeman, the chain of evidence is now complete, and the case is bad enough. It is only as bad as it can be, when we remember that George Kirk had been already declared, by the decision of the Court of Oyer and Terminer, illegally held in bondage by Captain Buckley. The captain, then had no more right legally than he had morally, to capture Kirk, and make a slave of him: and the Mayor and his policemen were acting as voluntary slave-catchers in spite of the solemn decision of the court, that the boy they were hunting was entitled to his liberty. We do not wonder the *Globe* would not publish Mr. Jay's second letter. It is too wise to have any more discussion on this point in its columns.

The Hutchinsons.

On our first page we publish a short article from the *Courier and Enquirer*, on the concert of the Hutchinsons at the Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening of last week. The music of the spheres would be discord in the ears of the editor of that paper, if there was a strain in it for Freedom. We marvel, however, that he should have so little shrewdness as to couple his criticism on the singing of the New Hampshire minstrels, and his angry denunciations of their Anti-Slavery in the same paragraph. The one is too palpably the effect of the other. If the *Courier* wants to destroy the popularity of the Hutchinsons, it must go about it more cunningly. The times are not so well fitted for that sort of game, as they were ten years ago, when that paper raised a mob against the Abolitionists.

If the Hutchinsons, or any other singers, choose to hire the Tabernacle, and advertise in their programme that among other things, they will sing Whig or Loco-foco songs, we apprehend it is nobody's business but their own. If the people don't like it, they have a sufficient remedy in the liberty everybody has to stay at home. They sing what they advertise, and those who, knowing this, yet go to hear them, and hiss them for it, show the bad manners which belong to geese.

The New-Yorkers, however, show their appreciation both of the Courier's growling, and the Hutchinsons' singing by crowding the Tabernacle from floor to ceiling.

The Chivalric South.

We publish the following letter from one of the chivalric gentlemen of the South, as a specimen of what they can do when they are roused to meet an emergency. It tells its own story and needs no comment.

To S. H. Gay, New York:—I wish to say a word to you, and commence my letter without any other appellation or title than your name, because I cannot judge by the language you use, or permit to be used, in the columns of your paper, (the National Anti Slavery Standard) whether you are a white man or a Sambo. I am inclined, however, to conclude you must be a nigger, since I cannot think that any white man, even the most degraded and insignificant, could speak as you speak, or sanction such infamous negro speeches. For two of your papers which were sent to the Southern Quarterly Review, and which have fallen into my hands, I would reward you, could I be blessed with the privilege of seeing you face to face; there is nothing you more deserve than a good squirt of tobacco spit, or a worn out chew slapped in your ugly black face. A paper like yours I have never been so unfortunate as to meet with before, nor had I any idea that such a one could be published in the United States, a country governed by men, without the aid of a solitary negro rascal. When I speak in such harsh terms of the negro, I make some exceptions, since I have known some few who are worthy of notice. In fact I have some negroes myself who are worth more than thousands like yourself; negroes who are honest. In saying that any negro can be honest, I say much, I am aware; they are almost as rare as pearls are in a mud pond: yet one may be found in a thousand, or two in five thousand. If you are the daring rascal who has sent these papers to us, heaven knows how severe a cowhiding you deserve, you infamous fellow. I have thought it proper to glance over the contents of them, yet I have kept them to myself, not wishing either to contaminate the minds of any of my family, or to enlighten the minds of my children, teaching or informing them, that there is any part of this our country upon which the blood of our fathers was spilt, where a negro is made a gentleman, and called a Mr. To think a poor little negro boy who by any man or gentleman would have been whipped and sent to his master—is hugged up and caressed, * * * * * * Infamous, contemptible race of scape-gallows, disgracing the God who made them, and the race they represent. But I write to a negro, and must not so waste the hours or moments of my life; better for me to sleep, or do nothing than this. I return you your two papers; send them to some negro.—Were I to keep them I could use them to no profit. * *

C. W. SQUERDY.

Charleston, (S. C.,) 10th Nov. 1846

We have have omitted half a dozen lines that were too indecent for publication.—[Ed.

Tribute to Mr. Garrison.

The Anti-Slavery women of Edinburgh have presented Mr. Garrison a silver tea-service, having the following inscription:

"Presented to Wm. Lloyd Garrison, of Boston, U. S.

"By the friends of Freedom in Edinburgh, as an expression of their gratitude for his unwearied and successful exertions in the cause of the slave; and for his labours in exposing the cruelty and wickedness of Slavery.

"Edinburgh, Oct. 21st, 1846.

"Job, 22th chapter, 11th, 12th, and 13th verses, 'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.'"

Portrait of Clarkson.

We have received from Mr. Harned, No. 5 Spruce street, a lithograph portrait of Thomas Clarkson. Though a poor print, it is a very good likeness, and will be, no doubt, worth its price—20 cents—to all those who are desirous of having such a memento of its venerable subject.

"We live in an age characterized for its progress, and in one in which the mere *name* of democracy, without the *substance*, is fast losing its hold on the minds of reflecting men.—*New-York Globe.*

We are glad to hear from the *Globe* that it is so entirely conscious of its own fate.

Almanacks for 1847.

We have still on hand a large quantity of the almanacks for the ensuing year, which we are anxious to see disposed of. It is a tract which ought to be in the hands of our friends, and one with which great good may be done by circulating it among unbelievers. We have already stated the number of pages it contains, the character of the articles, and the names of some of the authors. They vouch for the value of the work. We are certain that there are hundreds of our subscribers who can each dispose of a dozen, and many of them of much more than that. Will they send in their orders? Everybody wants an almanack. Many people would prefer an Anti-Slavery one, and many others would take one if it was offered to them before they had supplied themselves with one of another sort. By a little attention to this thing, our friends can, with little trouble to themselves, put into thousands of families a tract which cannot fail to do good, and which will spread a knowledge of our principles in places which we cannot reach with our lecturers and newspapers. The Society has been at a good deal of expense, and no little labour has been expended in getting out this almanack, and we trust that it will not be money and labour spent in vain. But that depends upon our friends. All who approve of a yearly effort to disseminate Anti-Slavery knowledge in this cheap and attractive form, should send in their orders as speedily as possible. The market for this year is nearly over.

Sale of Valuable Personal Property.

Mr. F. G. Waters, of Baltimore, advertises some valuable real and personal estate for sale at auction, among which he enumerates, a stock of dry goods, hardware, crockery, &c. live stock, corn, wheat, rye, oats, fodder, pine and oak wood, household and kitchen furniture, an interest in the schooners Julius and Hope, several farms, and also, SIXTY OR SEVENTY NEGRO SERVANTS, men, women, and children, slaves for terms of years. Many of these servants are in the prime of life, and of the highest value as farm hands, house servants, &c. &c.

Toussaint.—We recommence the publication of this tale in this week's paper. We need not commend it to the attention of our readers as they have already seen enough of it to understand its interest and its value. The name and character of the translator alone should command attention for it, even if its intrinsic excellence were much less than it is. It will be continued weekly to the end of the work.

John Quincy Adams was attacked with paralysis, last week, in Boston. He is expected, however, to recover.

Letter from Baltimore.

Baltimore, Nov. 22, 1846.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Sir:—It is a long time since I have furnished your readers with any of my "ramblings," but must excuse myself on the ground that all the news has seemed to come from your way of late, and it has afforded no small amusement to a large class here to see how ready Northern men are to knuckle to slaveholders and their minions. Slaveholders here read the accounts of the recent slave case in your papers, and then look at one another and wink, as much as to say "no danger of the cause when there are so many men so willing and so zealous to demean themselves thus in it;" while on the other hand the friends of the slave ardently wished the case had been within the jurisdiction of Baltimore with only half the "law" in his favour that was presented before the courts of New York. It is confidently believed that he could have been liberated here (with as much law in his favour

him, he ought to be hung." But my fingers, unused to the pen, begin to cramp, I will therefore shut off steam, though I could say much more on this subject that would please myself, no doubt, if it did not any one else.

A State Temperance Convention had a session in the city during the past week, which proved a very rich affair. The delegates were from Temperance societies of all kinds, including the "Sons of Temperance." Dr. Sneddgrass introduced a resolution to the effect, that societies question candidates nominated by the political parties for the Legislature, and vote for such of them, irrespective of party, as were in favor of license reforms in this State. Dr. S. had a large number of the clergy as well as some of the laity "down upon him," and various substitutes and amendments were offered. They were evidently not ready for the step. The clergy of course could not be expected to come up to the work until they had sounded their "dear people," and found whether it would meet with their approval. Politicians too of course are too much wedded to *party*, and cry, "Oh! you are bringing temperance into politics!" So where are we to look for reform? The clergy stand aloof; the laity are joined to their idols, which they hug closer at every attempt to supplant them by truth. Rev. John A. Collins, (not of community notoriety) a *presiding Elder*, was the leader among the opponents of the resolution. The Convention finally passed a modified resolution and adjourned after two days discussion on these resolutions.

Yours, for the down-trodden,

RAMBLER.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Scenery in the County of Wicklow—Condition of the people—Scarcity of food—Good Government of Ireland—Popularity of the Lord Lieutenant—Decline of the Rent—Withdrawal of James Haughton from the Repeal Association—Young America—Death of Clarkson—His interest in the American Anti-Slavery Society—Notice of him by the London News—Garrison, Thompson, and Douglass, in Scotland.

DUBLIN, October 18th, 1646.

Druid Cottage, Shanganagh, County of Dublin.

I am about to finish this long letter at this little summer palace of ours, which we are about to leave, as the season is just over. It is called Druid Cottage, from an ancient Cromlech or Druid altar that used to stand in a field close to the house. It consists in a huge mass of granite, raised—nobody knows how—upon three smaller masses, and is perhaps two thousand years old. The long fine summer and autumn, with the charming serene weather we have had, is over, and is succeeded by a succession of rainy days, such as can hardly be remembered by that gifted old gentleman, the oldest inhabitant. Some wise people say that the early part of the year has been so unusually dry and warm, that "to make the balance true," like the two stone bottles on either side of John Gilpin's horse, we may expect a double portion of rain and cold in the coming winter. How the floods of heavy showers pour on our long, low roof—and within the last hour or so we have had thunder and lightning so loud and so vivid that the like is seldom heard or seen in Ireland. You would have thought nothing of it, I suppose—for you have all the elements on a gigantic scale—but we felt as if the house were coming down, and our only comfort in such a case was, that it had not far to fall. As the early part of the day was soft and clear, I took a walk a few miles south, into the neighbouring county of Wicklow, one of the most beautiful in Ireland. I went to visit a friend who holds a large farm in a most picturesque and romantic part of the county. Before me stretched the range of mountains called Bray Head and the Little and Great Sugar Loaf. The first of these has a long serrated summit, and the latter two are conical. The country is highly cultivated, and is filled with deep woody dells, and green hills of the most varied forms. A great part of the district that my walk lay through is occupied by the seats of the Dublin aristocracy, who live in great luxury in their walled domains. My friend has just returned from a visit to parts of Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland. He thinks that we are greatly behind the people of those countries in the extension of social comfort and in the amenities and courtesies of society. The fact is, that the masses in both Ireland and Great Britain are the descendants of conquered races, and the "better classes," the "higher ranks," the "upper orders," the "aristocracy," have not yet half learned to subdue the swaggering airs of the Norman robbers who came over to share the spoils of England with William the Conqueror. Yet I believe, with Charles Mackay, the gifted editor of the Anti-Slavery Glasgow Argus, that "a good time's coming, boys; a good time's coming." My friend thinks that the habits of our people contrast unfavourably with the Continentals in the matter of economy and carefulness. And that in the cultivation of an acre of his own land there is more waste than would take place on a farm in Belgium or Switzerland. Owing to the failure of the potato crop, the price of provisions is uncommonly dear with us just now. A stone (fourteen pounds) weight of Indian meal costs forty-eight cents—the same weight of oatmeal costs seventy-two cents—and wheat flour about the same. These prices are all more than 50 per cent. higher than the ordinary rates, and as wages are not raised, and employment deficient, you may imagine that the poor are badly off. The Government are making great exertions to provide employment where it is deficient, and food where it cannot be had, but through their intervention. Grants of money are made for the promotion of public works, and loans are granted to be laid out on permanent improvements, road-making and the like, which is to be repaid when the times mend—and "the good times come." I think that the effect of present difficulties will probably be to draw closer the bonds between the two countries—for at no time since Henry the Second got a lumping present of all Ireland from Pope Adrien the Fourth, has this unfortunate island been the object of so much enlightened, generous, and hearty sympathy to the people of England. The Pope gave us to England for the good of our souls, just as according to Bishop Chase, Bishop Meade, the Bishop of Texas and Arkansas, and Frederick Douglass, in his excellent sermon, the "Kind Slaveholders," keep the slaves in bondage in order that they may be kept within reach of God's grace and the sound of the Gospel. What precious Gospel Bells those sleek Bishops are!

I dont know whether it will gratify you to learn that our present Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Besborough, is extremely popular—and uncommonly energetic in his efforts to palliate the impending scarcity. To the great horror of all good tories, John O'Connell, Daniel's most gifted son, dines with him occasionally at the Castle.—This is disgusting beyond what you can imagine to those who fondly revert to the good old times of Protestant ascendancy. You will be happy to hear that in spite of this afflicting circumstance, I get my health much as usual. O'Connell himself is at Derrynane, "hunting the wild deer and following the roe," (or maybe only hares and rabbits,) amongst his native mountains. I think he might be better employed—and so I am sure do the poor brutes—but I suppose he finds it good for his health. The Repeal Association lags on heavily in the absence of both Old and Young Ireland—and the rent has almost "dwindled to the shortest span." James Haughton lately withdrew from the Repeal Association in consequence of his disapproval of the cavalier way in which the Young Irelanders were expelled, though nobody objects more than he does to the sanguinary sentiments continually expressed by that class of Ireland's "many friends." Young Ireland seems most anxious that Ireland herself shall set up as soon as possible on her own behalf, and maintain her position by stoutly cutting the throats of all who say nay, giving them an honourable opportunity of cutting hers in return, as becomes Christian soldiers.

I presume that by the last mail you received the account of Thomas Clarkson's death. A very few weeks previous to this event he was visited by W. L. Garrison, George Thompson, and Frederick Douglass. He entertained them with great kindness, and after their departure the London Garrison received a letter from his pen. It was the last, or nearly the last, he ever wrote. Towards the close of his life his feelings towards the American Anti-Slavery Society were marked by increasing cordiality, and he was a regular reader of the Liberator. Amongst the notices which his death called forth from all the leading journals, I was most attracted by a few lines in the London Daily News, in which it was remarked that Thomas Clarkson belonged to that class which may be denominated apostolic. They do not originate but they carry forward, and in their untiring energy, their fearlessness, and devotion to the cause they advocate, they exhibit the noblest manifestation of human character.

I learn from Belfast that the visit of Douglass and Garrison made a great stir there, and that great numbers are thoroughly aroused to the Anti-Slavery question. This indeed is manifest from the flood of virulence and hostility against the truths which are pouring forth in torrents from the columns of the religious journals, and those in the interest of the Scotch Church and the Evangelical Alliance. The next meeting to be held in that town in about ten days, by Garrison and George Thompson, will be a stirring one. They are now on their way through Scotland, and Dublin will be the last place they visit before Garrison sails for Liverpool on his way home. I am confident that in no other way than by the means he is pursuing could the hollowness of professors have been so tested, and the necessity made plain for those who have any principle against Slavery coming forward to put their shoulders to the wheel of "the Car Emancipation." What are the Hutchinsons doing?

Yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

To Correspondents.

☞ We are glad to receive the explanation of the author of the lines in last week's paper. If, however, he had sent them to the *Tribune* before he sent them to us, he should have stated the fact. If then they had appeared in both papers as original, it would have been our fault. The lines were received too late for the paper of the week in which they were sent, but were published in the next number.

W. P. Sorry to say &c. Indeed rather more so. Yes, he may go till the first of next.

G. B. S. The criterion of success he refers to, is the most certain we can fix upon, and in the present state of affairs, is absolutely necessary. The rule is insisted upon in all cases.

H. W. G. The direction was not given in full till his last letter. If there is any further mistake he will let us know.

V. N. The idea is a very good one, but to carry it out in this State is, we believe, a penitentiary offence.

M. W. C. She observed how we managed it. We thought it necessary to do something, though her letter was received too late to profit by her hint. We are not sure, however, that ours was not the least objectionable way.

G. B. Shall hear from us soon. We wish we dared to publish some portions of her admirable letters. Would it be prudent?

S. B. We hope to hear of the arrival of the box. It was sent by that route which is considered here the most certain and expeditious.

C. W. We can't promise. We need not say how much pleasure it would give us, but there are some serious obstacles in the way. Shall hear further, by private letter.

S. J. M. As soon as we have room.

C. L. P. We beg pardon. It was a careless blunder.

J. N. B. He is still here. Keep him in mind.

R. T. P. F. is received.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Aliena. *Miscellany*: Toussaint *(continued)*; Foreign Correspondents; Patriotism; The New Planet; Extract from a Letter, dated Berlin; The Gun Cotton; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery*: That Slave Again; The Hutchinsons; Negro Suffrage. *Selections*: Deviation of Vessels with Fugitive Slaves; Mexico; Extract from Herkimer Freeman; Great Anti-Slavery Meeting at Newcastle-on Tyne; The Slave-Trade; Great Anti-Slavery Meeting, &c. (concluded).

SECOND PAGE.—The Rev. M. M. Clark on American Slavery; "Out of Their Sphere." *Communications*: Letter from E. F. Hustis.

Married,

In Boston, CHARLES P. CURTIS, Counsellor at law, to Mrs. MARGARET S. MCKEAN, daughter of William Stevenson, Esq.

In Kingston, by Rev. A. R. Pope, November 8th, Mr. W. P. DONLEY, of Plymouth, to Miss M. S. HOLMES, of Kingston.

At the same place, by the same, November 15th, Mr. C. H. SAMPSON to Miss KEZIA COOK, both of Kingston.

At the same place, by the same, November 17th, JOSEPH S. BEAL, Esq. to Miss PAMELA, daughter of Joseph Holmes, all of Kingston.

On the 14th of 10th month, at Coalbrookdale, Shropshire, England, JOSEPH STURGE, of Birmingham, to HANNAH, daughter of Barnard Dickinson, of the former place.

Died,

In Weymouth, (Mass.) November 15th, GEORGE FORDYCE FIFIELD, M. D. eldest son of Dr. N. Fifield, aged 24, a graduate of Harvard University, in the class of 1841.

At Leicester, (Mass.) on the 11th instant, at the residence of his father, Mr. JOSEPH H. FLINT, aged 60, an eminent practitioner for many years in Northampton and Springfield.

At the residence of her son in law, Mr. McTavish, the British Consul, Mrs. CATON, widow of the late Richard Caton, Esq. and daughter of the late Charles Carroll, of Carrollton.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

A Judge in Santa Fé.—Will any of the best informed friends of Mr. Polk, or the editorial organs of his party, inform us who a certain JOAB HOUGHTON is, that has just been appointed the presiding JUDGE of the "*Supreme Court*" of Santa Fe *by authority of the President of the United States?*

The friends and relations of a gentleman of that particular name from New Jersey, would like to know if their old friend, the *Canal Engineer*, without any pretension to *legal* information, has been thus advanced to the head of *Judicial* authority in the newly organized territory of Santa Fé.

And also, whether another young man who somewhat distinguished himself in New Jersey a few years since, as a pretty considerable rowdy, is the same FRANCIS P. BLAIR that has been appointed, *by the authority of the President*, "United States District Attorney of Santa Fé."—And also, whether he received so important an office because he is the son of the late editor of the Globe, of the same name?

The lovers of "*Law and Order*" desire information in relation to these important appointments.—*Princeton Whig.*

A Whig Woman.—The Salem Gazette states that in one of the wards in that city, on Monday last, a lady presented herself at the ballot box, with an out and out Whig ticket in her hand, and insisted upon being permitted to vote. She declared she was a good Whig, paid her tax bills promptly, and had a right to vote as much as any body. Her name, however, not being on the check list, the vote was rejected, and the lady left, much chagrined.

The University of St. Andrew's, Scotland, has conferred upon Rev. James Hardy, of New Haven, Ct. the degree of D. D. Mr. Hardy is an eloquent minister of the Wesleyan Church.

Slavery's Influence.—John Tabor writes to the St. Louis New Era, that malicious persons are circulating reports "manifestly designed to identify him with abolitionism, although it is well known that he holds, and has held for ten years past, a large family of slaves, as agent for the owner, which fully identifies him with slaveholders, in form and fact."

☞ The two Regiments of New-York Volunteers, Col. Ward B. Burnet, are ordered to Mexico.

☞ Thomas F. Marshall has commenced, by a series of lectures in Kentucky, to represent in Congress the Ashland district of Rhode Island.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from November 7, to November 23.

Joseph G. Wright, Dean's Corners, N Y		$2 25
Scott & Slater, Venice,	"	2 00
Lyman Peck, New Lyme,	Ohio,	1 00
C. W. Christmas, Wooster,	"	1 00
Edwin Oldroid,	"	1 00
William Taylor, West Brookfield,	"	1 00
H. F. Macy, Massillon,	"	1 00
Henry Breed,	"	1 00
James S. Underhill,	"	1 00
S. Hunt,	"	1 00
Ann L. Pease,	"	1 00
Mrs. Joseph Ross, Cleveland,	"	1 00
W. W. Pollard, Columbus,	"	1 00
Jonathan Davis, Berlin,	"	1 00
M. Kingsbury, Fulton, N Y		1 00
Julia Taylor, Rochester,	"	1 00
Edward Broadfield,	"	1 00
John Crooker, Dundas, Canada West,		1 00
John V. Mason, Aurora, N Y		1 00
E. Burnham,	"	1 00
Thomas Osbone, Ovid,	"	1 00
Wm. A. Stout,	"	1 00
Joseph Wickoff, Romulus,	"	1 00
Thomas S. Metcalf, Seneca Falls, N Y		1 00
John Johnson, Chapinville,	"	1 00
Reuben J. Southerland, Canandaigua, N Y		1 00
John Chapin, 2d,	"	1 00
H. A. Day,	"	1 00
John Livermore, Cheshire, N Y		1 00
Willard Metcalf, Seneca Falls, N Y		1 00
Samuel E. Massey, Martinsville, Ohio,		1 00
Darwin Jones, Anapolis, Ia.		1 00
W. R. Whitmore, Oxford, Ohio,		1 00
Benjamin F. Diggs, Winchester, Ia		1 00
Micajah Pucket,	"	1 00
Isom Pucket,	"	1 00
Aaron Betts, Martinsville, Ohio,		1 00
Stillman Lothrop, Cambridgport, Mass		1 00
Wm. Farwell,	"	1 00
Sarah Foster, Neponset,	"	1 00
John Mirick, Princeton,	"	1 00
George W. Bronson, Amsterdam, N Y		1 00
Zenas Brocket, Salisbury,	"	1 00
J. D. Spofford, Brocket's Bridge,	"	1 00
Thomas Faville,	"	1 00
Joel Hardy,	"	1 00
E. M. Griffing, Little Falls,	"	50
Volney Annas,	"	1 00
Zina E. Lay, Springfield,	"	50
Jacob Snell, Jacksonburg,	"	50
James H. Seymour, West Hartland, Ct.		1 00
Margaret Collins, New-York,		1 00
D. L. Galbreath, New Garden, Ohio,		3 00
J. Smith, South Barre, N Y		1 00
Wm. Marsh,	"	1 00
L. C. Harding,	"	1 00
Marcas Martin, Barre Centre, N Y		1 00
Lyman A. Spalding, Lockport,	"	1 00
John H. Pound,	"	1 00
Edward B. Perkins, Salem, Mass		1 00
Jasper Pope,	"	1 00
David Mears,	"	1 00
Henry Russell, Jr.	"	1 00
Abraham Williams,	"	1 00
Nelson G. Freeman, Nashua, N H		1 00
Timothy Smith, Franklin City, Mass		1 00
John Thomas, Boston,	"	1 00
Osgood Dane, Somerville,	"	25
		79.00

Total Amount, $79.00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

TO BE HELD

IN FANEUIL HALL,

AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

The committee of the thirteenth National Anti-Slavery Bazaar, have the pleasure of announcing that it will open IN FANEUIL HALL, on Tuesday morning, December 22d, the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. Our principles are identical with theirs: our enterprise is but the continuation of their grand undertaking. The place which they took in their age, we call upon all their decendants to unite with us in taking at the present time. We entreat all who love their country to aid us in delivering it from the curse and shame of Slavery. This is only to be done by convincing each individual who composes the nation, that it is a sin and ought immediately to be abandoned. To this end, books and newspapers must be published, lecturers sustained, and a multitude of incidental expenses incurred in the prosecution of the work. We therefore entreat every lover of freedom and of man whom this page meets, to ask himself—"What can I do to further this noble undertaking?" Perhaps there is scarcely an individual who cannot by inquiry and co-operation with others, effect much in his vicinity. Surely no friend of right and justice, whether man or woman, will refuse to listen to a few

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS.

In the first place, ☞ It is an arduous undertaking to decorate Faneuil Hall for the occasion, attractively, and at the same time without expense. As we have but half the time to give to that purpose which we had last year, it is of great consequence to have the materials in *complete readiness, and* ON THE SPOT SEASONABLY. The wreaths of running pine, (*several hundred yards* could be advantageously used in the execution of the plan already drawn,) ought all to be in Boston on the preceding Friday, the 18th, in order to allow Saturday and Monday for the work of preparation, and that will be the best possible time in which it can, under the circumstances, be accomplished.

The friends of the cause who live in towns where pine and red-cedar trees can be had for the cutting, or through the generosity of the owners of woodland, are informed that in no way could their aid be more effectual than in sending to Boston, *on Friday, the 18th December*, evergreen trees of a size suited to stand against the pillars, and hide the unsightly spaces in the Hall. Barrel hoops, trimmed thickly, (but not over-carefully,) with the running-pine, are also needed in great numbers. N B. *The wreaths and hoops should be sent in ready for use, as there will be hardly time to put them up.*

☞ Friends desirous to co-operate, are entreated to write to us immediately on receiving this, informing us *exactly what we may depend on from them*, that by comparing and replying to their letters, we may save *time*, TROUBLE, and MONEY, while we equalize the burden, by assuming our full share of it. The friends in Walpole and in Lynn have already given us their assurance of a definite proportion of the wreathed hoops, necessary to make the mullions and tracery of the plan. We hope to hear immediately from the devoted friends of the cause in other towns, because *early* action will spare themselves much of the fatigue and suffering from the cold weather which attend all such exertion later in the season, while it will greatly encourage our labours in town.

N. B. We have no adequate place of storage in Boston, and therefore beg the friends to retain their contributions of greenery till Friday, the 18th, and to send them WITHOUT FAIL on that day; as a longer delay would occasion an irreparable loss of time.

☞ Those friends, either in the city or country, who intend to give the cause the service of their personal aid, during the two days, in fitting up the decorations, are requested to let us know as soon as convenient, and in proportion to our love of the cause, will be our sense of personal obligation to them. A strong force will be needed, from eight o'clock on Saturday and Monday mornings, through both days and evenings, as the time is short, the hall large, and the Gothic screen-work bulky.

It would be very easy, but fatal to our purpose, to hire hands; and we therefore feel that we can rely on the aid of all who appreciate that purpose, to unite with us in saving expense, in this, and every other way, especially as the unavoidable expenses will be unusually heavy this year.

REFRESHMENT TABLE.

This has always been one of the most profitable departments of the Fair, and we earnestly commend it to the liberality of the well-wishers of the cause, both in the city and the country. *Every kind of produce* and refreshment, (except wine, &c.) will be acceptable.

☞ It will be remembered that by far the largest number of our contributors live out of the town, and it is therefore necessary to prepare a Table, on the Hall, that it can be used advantageously in the afternoon during some three, for the accommodation of those whose services as sale-women were indispensable. Those friends who are always so generous in supplying this department, are informed that all concerned are most considerate and conscientious in the use of this room, feeling that none but those whose presence is absolutely necessary to the success of the occasion, ought to occupy it; and, therefore, we feel that we may unhesitatingly again ask for the simple provisions which were so kindly sent in last year. At the same time, we renew our assurances to the friends, whom we expect from a distance, to take charge of the tables in person, that no exertion on our part shall be spared for their comfort and accommodation.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

The eighth number of this excellent Annual, which has been perhaps *the* most gainful operation in connection with the Fair is to be published on the first morning. It is in contemplation to publish a larger edition than usual, if the funds permit; but as yet, only half the sum has been subscribed, owing to an unavoidable delay in commencing this year's operations. But as the publication has so good a claim on all who wish to swell the receipts of the Fair, as well as on all who have seen how effectual a medium of union it is between different parts of the world in the same great cause, and how valuable an auxiliary in promoting that cause in quarters where greater instrumentalities are of less avail, it is not doubted that the statement of the immediate need of funds, will ensure a pecuniary response.

TO FRIENDS HAVING IT IN THEIR POWER TO MAKE DONATIONS OF AMERICAN BLEACHED COTTONS.

Twenty pieces of this material are needed for the preparations, decorations, &c.; which, after having served this purpose, will either be wrought up and sold at the charity-table of next year's Bazaar, or disposed of at the end of this, as shall be found advisable. Those friends who have a desire at once to aid the cause, and to see what a well executed plan can effect in beautifying Faneuil Hall, are entreated to unite in supplying this want of the occasion.

CHARITY TABLE.

Ladies in the habit of supplying the destitute with plain clothing at the season of Christmas and New Year, are informed that it is intended to have a table at which they may furnish themselves with garments suited to their purpose.

MINISTERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS INTERESTED IN THE CAUSE,

Are earnestly entreated to help this work of Christianity, by promoting the formation of social circles in their respective parishes, to prepare in each, a table for the Bazaar; as it is the experience of ministers who have hitherto done so, that the way has thus been opened for a successful Anti-Slavery work, through the more powerful instrumentalities of the pulpit and the lecture-room.

ARTISTS, MERCHANTS MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS

Have it in their power to do much for the cause, by contributions of materials to be worked up, or specimens of their skill, industry, and genius.

TO EDITORS OF NEWSPAPERS.

The object of this Fair being entirely disconnected from sectarian and party purposes—and political, only as philanthropy needs must be so in going down to the depths of social wrong, below all nominal partisan distinctions, and every American being as deeply concerned in it as ourselves, we feel in consequence that we may rightfully and honourably CLAIM of EVERY AMERICAN IN THE EXERCISE OF THE EDITORIAL FUNCTIONS, to give one insertion, (with a favourable notice of its purpose,) to the following short

ADDRESS OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE THIRTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The undersigned, in announcing their intention to hold the 13th National A. S. Bazaar in Faneuil Hall, at the close of the year, feel that they may confidently ask the co-operation of all who love right, liberty and humanity.

If past labour, when almost unaided, has been so successful as recent events prove it to have been, in awakening the consciences, informing the minds, and moving the hearts of the people, what may not be hoped from the union of many in the fulfilment of the same great duty?

The funds raised will be expended as heretofore, in sustaining anti-slavery agents and periodicals, and the effect must necessarily be so to act upon the public heart and conscience that the individual, the State, and the nation may be ready in every coming emergency, to abjure all participation in the sin of Slavery.

Ladies intending to take tables are requested to give early notice, that the arrangements of the Hall may be seasonably planned. Donations of money and articles will be gladly received by all the members of the Committee. Information having been already received of the diligence and devotedness of friends in Europe, in the preparation of rare and beautiful articles for the occasion, it only remains for the Committee to hope that their own countrymen and countrywomen will not justify the reproach we bear as a people by being found less high-minded, less just, and less humane than their foreign coadjutors. The cry of a single slave can now arouse our whole State. It is to find a voice for those who are perishing unheard, the suffering and forgotten millions, for whom there can be no escape but through what of devotedness and fidelity to right may be enkindled in the land, that this effort is made. We trust we do not ask for aid in vain.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	CATHARINE SARGENT,
ANN T. G. PHILLIPS,	M. A. W. JOHNSON,
MARY G. CHAPMAN,	CAROLINE WESTON,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNA R. PHILBRICK,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	MARY YOUNG,
HELEN E. GARRISON,	HARRIET M. JACKSON,
SARAH S. RUSSELL,	EVELINA SMITH,
SARAH B. SHAW,	ELIZA F. MERRIAM,
MARY MAY,	CAROLINE F. WILLIAMS,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	ABBY SOUTHWICK,
MARIA LOWELL,	MARY WILLEY,
SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,	MARIAN CURTIS,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	ANN R. BRAMHALL,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	LYDIA PARKER,
LOUISA LORING,	HARRIETT T. WHITE.
HANNAH TUFTS.	

Editors and publishers inserting the Address, are respectfully requested to forward a copy to the Committee.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S PRESENTS

May this year be expected of a very much greater beauty than have ever before been exhibited. The interest of our English contributors has been greatly stimulated, and their number increased, by the formation of the ANTI SLAVERY LEAGUE, which is auxiliary to the American A. S. Society. Exquisite Drawings, Paintings, Works of Art of various kinds, Autographs, Curiosities, Articles of ladies' and children's Dress, and, in fine, specimens of the rare and beautiful in every species of manufacture, particularly those of London and Paris, invite the attention of the city and surrounding country.—

☞ Persons who do not visit the Bazaar on the opening day, early, (*doors open at ten o'clock, A. M.,*) will probably lose the opportunity of inspecting the most beautiful objects, as all such are early sought for, and it is our rule not to retain articles on the tables for exhibition, after they have been purchased.

☞ Elegant writing materials will be for sale at the book table, on the right of the platform, where the drawings will also be found.

☞ No articles are received on commission, and therefore those desirous of aiding the cause, as well as of benefiting themselves by seizing an unequalled opportunity for selecting elegant articles, need not hesitate to make large purchases.

WORKING PARTIES

In aid of the Fair were set on foot last year in many places, at the suggestion of the "Bazaar Gazette." It is hoped that suggestion will be still more generally received. Let them also be reading-parties;—tea-parties;—conversation parties;—occasions of festivity, and means of social employment. Their number may thus be multiplied and their benefits increased.

THE EVENINGS OF THE FAIR.

Some of these will be made interesting by the speeches of eloquent advocates of the cause, among whom it is hoped will be Garrison, H. C. Wright, and many of the more caustic advocates, who comprehend the mighty addition to influence that the fact of speaking from the Anti-Slavery platform gives their words. Reads or choirs, volunteering their aid, will most essentially assist the course; and we beg all disposed to do so, to communicate with us.

TO THE FRIENDS OF FREEDOM AT THE SOUTH.

A Table will be arranged in Faneuil Hall this year, for the sale of all donations and contributions from persons born or residing in the slave States. We know that there are many such; and though the knowledge of this arrangement may not reach them in season to secure a large co-operation with us for the present occasion, we trust it will prepare the way against next year, and be the beginning of a true union between the North and the South,—a union of heart in the promotion of right; such as would always have existed, but for Slavery,—such as never can exist between the supporters of Slavery and the friends of Freedom.

☞ It is earnestly requested that all articles contributed may have the price affixed to them.

All our personal friends, and all the friends of freedom and humanity near and far, are affectionately invited to share with us the duties and the joys of this occasion. We greatly desire the satisfaction of their presence during the progress of the Bazaar of 1846–7.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

A slaveholder at the South received a tract of two pages, through the post office;—read it, was convinced, and emancipated his slaves. The tract was printed with the money raised at THIS FAIR.

A clergyman at the North, had an Anti-Slavery paper sent to him. He read it, was pleased with it—subscribed for it, sent it to a leading politician, who, following in part its counsels, revolutionized the party policy of his State. The paper was sustained by MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

A petition for the abolition of Slavery was sent to Congress. It was discussed—the discussion was printed in the administration papers, and scattered thickly over the land: Thought, agitation, conviction ensued, in multitudes of instances—the whole public mind advanced a step. The form of petition which put the whole in motion, was printed and circulated by MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

A corps of Anti-Slavery agents went into New Hampshire, and held one hundred Conventions. The next year, the Pro-Slavery Democratic party was scattered. The agents, so far as money was needed, were sustained by the MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

We might give instances to fill a volume of the beneficial effects of MONEY RAISED AT THIS FAIR.

☞ Contributions received at this office, 142 Nassau street, and at 21 Cornhill, Boston.

COLOURED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The "Julien Harmonic Association" intend giving a concert, the proceeds of which are for the benefit of the Asylum for Coloured Orphans, on Wednesday evening, December 2d, at the Union Hall, in the basement of the Tabernacle, entrance in Anthony street. Tickets twenty-five cents.

ANTI-SLAVEEY FAIR.

The Anti-Slavery friends of Western New-York are informed that the Coloured Choir of Geneva have engaged to attend the Anti-Slavery Fair, at Rochester, on Christmas week,—also, the annual meeting of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society, at the same place, which will add greatly to the interest of these occasions.

J. C. HATHAWAY,

PRISONER'S FRIEND. NEW BOOK STORE.

THE PRISONER'S FRIEND, a weekly periodical devoted to the abolition of capital punishment and the reformation of the criminal, is published No. 40 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. by Charles and John M. Spear. Terms one dollar in advance.

PHILANTHROPIC BOOK STORE.—A good assortment of books, relating to the great moral enterprises of the day, are for sale at the office of the Prisoner's Friend. Many of these books can be sent by mail.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

C. L. Remond and J. C. Hathaway will hold meetings as follows:

East Bloomfield, Thursday,	November	19, at 6, p. m.
South Bristol, Friday,	"	20 "
Naples, Saturday,	"	21 "
Cohocton, Sunday,	"	22, at 2 & 6, p.m.

STEUBEN COUNTY.

Liberty Corners, Monday,	November	23, at 6, p m.
Patchenville, Tuesday,	"	24 "
Dansville, Wednesday,	"	25 "
South Dansville, Friday,	"	27 "
Arkport, Saturday,	"	28 "
Almond, Sunday,	"	29, at 2 & 6, p. m.
Hornellsville, Tuesday,	December	1, at 6, p. m.
Howard, Wednesday,	"	2 "
Avoca, Thursday,	"	3 "
Wheeler, Friday,	"	4 "
Prattsburg, Saturday and Sunday,	"	5 & 6, at 2 & 6, p. m.
Pultney, Monday,	"	7, at 6, p.m.
Urbana, Tuesday,	"	8 "
Wayne, Wednesday,	"	9 "
Tyrone, Thursday,	"	10 "
Reading, Friday,	"	11 "
Painted Port, Saturday,	"	12 "
Campbell, Sunday,	"	13, at 2& 6, p. m.
Addison, Monday,	"	14, at 6, p.m.
Woodland, Tuesday,	"	15 "
Jasper, Wednesday,	"	16 "
Cameron, Thursday,	"	17 "
Canandaigua, Sunday,	"	20 "

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

WILLIAM W. BROWN, an AMERICAN SLAVE, whose book and self have been so successful in Western New-York, will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at the following places:

OSWEGO COUNTY—AWAKE!!!

Hannibal, Thursday,	November,	19,
Granby, Friday,	"	20,
Fulton, Saturday,	"	21,
Volney, Sunday,	"	22,
Constantia, Monday,	"	23,
Amboy, Tuesday,	"	24,
Williamstown, Thursday,	"	26,
Sand Bank, Friday,	"	27,
Washington, Saturday and Sunday,	November 28 & 29,	
Pulaski, Monday,	Nov. 30, & Tuesday,	December 1,
Plattsville, Wednesday,	December 2,	
Mexico, Thursday,	"	3,
New Haven, Friday,	"	4,
Oswego, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday,	Dec. 5, 6, & 7.	

The meetings will commence at 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Agt.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

"Blessed ones! whom none on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth;
Ye whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those, for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
Hope may paint no brighter morrow."

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only get good by doing good—that we can only *truly* receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who holp to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grain, and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the housewife for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various intellectuals and health. The merchant for staple and fancy staffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Don't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearthstones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow-labourers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson.
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth. G. Curtis, "

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ALIENA.

Rosalind. * * * But what will you be called?
Celia. Something that hath a reference to my state;
No longer Celia, but Aliena.—*Shakspeare.*

She sat upon the dusty way-side stone
With but the sole companion of her flight
From Georgia's sultry clime. The many stars
Were burning, and Orion brightly blazed
Far in the Southern sky. Her feet were worn
With long and weary travel, and she bared
Her dark and ample forehead silently
To the cool bathing of the midnight air.

On her, a woman, weighed the crushing power
Of empire which, though young in years, is old
And rotten in its foul iniquity,—
That does not blush in Freedom's holy name
Bold to fore-write, as with a hand of fate,
A destiny of toil and bitter tears,
And hungry wretchedness, to millions weak,
Wholly within her power, while she extends,
With ruffian armies and her stolen gold,
Her avedome dread o'er half a continent,
But holds her stand among the nations still,
And prates of liberty with brazen face.

And then from her, a woman, turned aside
The canting priest,—a hireling hypocrite,—
Whose coffers had devoured poor widows' homes,
And who, for a pretence, had made long prayers,
Regardless of the words which Christ hath said,
That they who feed the hungry, and bind up
The bruised heart and torn, and visit them
That lie in prison, shall be known of Him,
But those who do forsake, in their distress,
The trodden-down, and trampled, and who turn
Away from the despairing cry of them
That have no comforter,—that unto these
He, in their hour of greatest need, shall say
Depart from me, accursed, I know ye not.

By that lone way-side there sad thoughts were those
That wildly thronged in Aliena's brain,
Too deep for utterance, as she wandered back
Along her sad life's tearful history,
Within that gloomy land which she had left.
That gloomy land, for in its shadowy bounds,
Her fathers had worn out their weary lives
Under the oppressor, and her own sad heart,
Was it not there likewise laid desolate!
There he she loved from her away was torn
And borne to that far Southern clime whose sun
Beams through a fever-stricken air—whose sea
Moans dull and far along its sullen shore,
As chanting one continual dirge through night
And day for her sad race still doomed to go
Into the spoiler's hand. For her no more,
Returning from the vast and sultry plain,
At twilight, shall the humble cabin-door
Be opened slowly, and with her no more
Her toil worn sisters share their scanty fare
To soothe the sufferings of her greater need,
Nor yet prepare upon the cabin-floor,
The wretched pallet for her weary limbs,—
No more her aged mother's hand be laid
In blessing on her forehead, and no more
Upon her youthful brother's sun-browned cheek
Her lip shall e'er be pressed. She leaves the clime
Of home, and all her kindred, journeying far
Into the stranger-land, to eat the bread
Of toil in bitterness and tears unseen,—
To seat herself beside the stranger's hearth,
To meet with unfamiliar faces there,
And take a strange and unfamiliar name.

And sad and weary, thus they journeyed slow
By night along the sad and lengthening way,
Resting by day amid the wilderness.
In fear and watchfulness, they so escaped
The blood-hound and the marksman's rifle dread,
The stealthy glance of spy and cunning snare
Of the betrayer. And thus they journeyed slow
Through that vast swamp where scarce the gleam of sun
Has entered, and no sound is ever heard
But the great moaning of the murmuring pines,
Or, in the midnight's wide and solemn gloom,
Afar the panther's human cry—while naught
Is seen amid that darkness vast and deep,
But o'er the pools where slimy serpents lie,
That wandering lamp, that flitting ghastly o'er
The marshy waste, now seen—extinguished now—
Leadeth the hunted wide astray. 'Twas thus
They gained the stranger-land where they at last
Could rest, but yet in fear, for on the side
Of the oppressor, as of olden time,
There yet is power.

Dark Aliena, still
For thee and thy sad sisters shall be heard
A prayer for your deliverance, and the stern
Rebuke of that unshamed hypocrisy
That forges cruelly your heavy chains,
And for the quick destruction of that scheme
Of grand iniquity that having grown
Haughty in power, now topples to its fall;
That so the bruised and trampled of thy race
Whose cup of bitterness well nigh is filled,
May find a refuge where the despot's hand
May reach to you no more! H. W. G.

Cuchecton, N. Y.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT:
AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mugge.)

[This work is continued by request. The portion which has already been printed in our columns formed a part quite complete by itself. The author next proceeds to bring his readers acquainted with the mulattoes, and the share they had in the Revolution]

CHAPTER VI.

Behind Leogane, where the coast-road to St. Gonave leads over the ridges of the Mont de la Selle, lies a beautiful plantation, which extends to the water's edge. A steep wall of hills presents a barrier to the waters of the bay, while a range of majestic forest-trees shelters the valley of the plantation still more effectually from the violent northern winds, which sometimes blow fiercely in this direction, endangering the vessels which seek the harbour of Port-au-Prince. On the southern slope, under the rocky and forest-covered wall of the hill, lies the dwelling of the planter. The plate-glass windows, a luxury which belonged to the better class, and indicated the wealth of the possessor, glistened in the fiery-red beams of the sun, as, surrounded by a few thin clouds, it was descending into the sea. All was still and peaceful. The west wind of the approaching evening blew softly, slightly moving the blooming shrubs and the coffee-trees, that with their high stems and heavily laden fruit tops, stood ranged in straight, apparently interminable lines, down along the hill into the deep valley; no slave song, no sound of the hammer or axe was heard. The packing houses, in the valley and the yard in which they stood, appeared quite empty and deserted. Only a large, shaggy shepherd's dog, of the Cuban breed, which bears the name of bloodhound, was seen going the rounds, and at last, sitting down, as if wondering at the silence, before the gate, and bursting out into a mournful, uneasy howl. Quite in the background, among the farthest trees, some motion was visible. A small number of blacks, in many-coloured aprons, were moving about in this quarter, making themselves busy with the coffee-trees, which were entrusted to their care. Soon a man was seen slowly coming up through the trees. The green coat, the clean white pantaloons and vest, and a fine grass hat, revealed the master of the plantation. But he carried no stick, with a steel point at its end, to goad some lazy slave to his labour, and not even a whip, whose crack from afar could quicken the activity of toil. His arms were idly folded. Occasionally he paused, now to pluck a caterpillared leaf from the nearest tree, and now to pull up some luxuriant weed, and then he would look back, and nod his head or shake it, knitting his brows in disapproval as he chanced to see anything out of order. And then he could be seen smiling to himself, or muttering some few words, which he accompanied with a quicker gait. He was a powerful, broad-shouldered man, and as he stood upon the eminence near the house, the evening sun shone upon his face, showing the yellow tint of his complexion, and the thin, shrewd feature of the mulatto.

At that moment, an old man appeared at one of the windows and clapped his hands with a laugh. "That's right, André," cried he, "stand there and show yourself to the lazy black rascals down below, who, instead of looking after the trees, are gazing all day up into the sky. When they see you there, in the bright light, they will surely believe that you are the new Messiah, who will set them free, that is, let them be idle and lazy forever. But it is a pity," he resumed, after he had turned and come out of the house, "that you do not stand irradiated by the same brightness on the other side of the wood. Perhaps love for you would sharpen the eyes of some of your worthy friends in Leogane, or even in Port-au-Prince. Only think if Pratolo or Borel saw you hovering thus on the top of a hill over the sea, what ecstacy would fill their souls! Aye, indeed, I really believe they would run to Fort Bizoton and salute you with those heavy old guns, and balls of six-and-thirty weight, that you might then see come dancing over the waves."

"And what would not that worthy brotherhood give," replied the yellow planter, "were I to plump into the water with one of those balls in my body? Port-au-Prince would be illuminated for a whole year, but rely upon it, it will not be. I am the Sphinx, whose riddle is to be solved, and among all these noble ones there is no Œdipus. My black children down there," he continued, laughing, "are indeed, miserable good-for-nothings, but do tell me, Ramiro, is it not better to let them loiter and lounge, than, after the example of some good neighbour, make the discipline still severer with whips and chains? For instance, what good does it do Lepage, that lively, eternally smiling gentleman, who tears his black's ears off, and all with the mildest words? They run away from him into the mountains, and there they are, a host of them, hidden in the mornes of Lahotte. Who can follow these devils into those horrible passes, where they are invincible? You hear the complaints which are made of incendiaries and acts of violence, perpetrated all around here, and for which there is no help. The whites are delighted, when the blacks revenge themselves upon us, and we are delighted no less, when the whites get it. Now, among evils, I choose the least. I let them do little, so they do something, and so this plantation has kept half its slaves, and its trees flourish and bear fruit, and its buildings are all standing, protected by gratitude."

"A pretty gratitude!" replied Ramiro, with a sneer and a laugh. "The lazybellies, of course, find things better here than in the mornes, where they must rob and steal, and exert themselves somewhat, while here the table is spread for them without labour. But I am sick of the sight of your miserable management, and I shall go back to the North, to-morrow, to my own house, where better order reigns."

"You will not go," said the mulatto, coolly, and taking off his hat to wipe his brow.

"And who will prevent it?" cried the old gentleman, with a comic earnestness. "You, perhaps, M. André Rigaud, or your worthy brother, that madcap, Augustin, to whom, alas, I have given my only child, and who is ready ten times a day to deliver her back to me a widow? Oho! ye yellow traitors, take care how you lay your hand upon a man of pure blood, or you suppose perhaps that my old head has as high a price put upon it as yours? O! this old head will have nothing, nothing at all to do with your bloody abominations. I have sold my large estate at the North, you know, prudently sent my money to America, and retain nothing but the little plantation at Rosas, where one is within a step of the Spanish soil."

"And can drink cheaply of the best Malvoiser," suggested André.

"My reasons I keep for myself," said Ramiro, "but when the dance commenced here, and you and your brothers so madly and rashly seized arms, in order, as you said, to avenge the death of our poor friend, Mauduit, but, in truth, only to carry out the plans of Ogé, and his executed comrades, then I gave my little property into the keeping of my friend, the worthy Abbe de la Haye, and hastened hither to save my child."

"And she is saved," replied Rigaud, smiling, "what would you have more, M. Ramiro? We still stand with our weapons in one hand and with the other stretched out for peace. They have not conquered us. Give us our rights, say we, fulfill the commands of the National Assembly and the eighteen articles of the decree of 15th of May, which grants us the rights of free citizens, and we will stand by you, firm and faithful. Now it is too late."

"For what is it too late?" asked Ramiro, earnestly.

"For peace, perhaps," replied Rigaud, coolly. "They wanted blood, they shall have it."

The old planter cast a penetrating look upon the mulatto leader. "What are you after?" said he. "Out with your news! You cunning, calculating man, you have a heart of stone, made perhaps out of some of those precious stones with which so large a portion of your life has been engaged, and it has become hard as a diamond, but it wants clearness, transparency. Out with it: have your cursed plans succeeded, have you set the fire a-blazing? How many white men have your comrades murdered? Around how many mangled corpses have they danced, shouting that the good days of Freedom had come?"

The bright but calm eye of Rigaud assumed an expression of scorn, which was soon lost in the austere seriousness of his expressive features. "You know," said he, "I was a simple, private man in Jacmel, a goldsmith of some property and standing among my fellow-citizens, before I was called by circumstances from my quiet workshop, and placed at the head of my brothers. But now," he continued, "I stand in my place, surrounded by love and confidence, as well as hatred and blind wrath. But the place is mine, and they do me the honour to believe, that I, a simple man, possess ability for great and difficult things. This breast shall be a rock against which storms break; and as they have armed my hand with thunder and lightning, I have reason to believe that it will shiver him into atoms who dares to kill a white man without my bidding."

"It will be done with your bidding," rejoined Ramiro.

"It would grieve me sadly," said André Rigaud, "and yet how blind are the people in their fury! Nevertheless, if the white gentlemen are prudent, that bidding will never be issued. They write me that they have gone mad at the Cape, that the wild Creoles have seized the French ships, that they have hoisted the English flag alongside the French, that Blanchelande is publicly insulted, and that no mulatto or black is sure of his life. You, see, M. Ramiro, that all this is bad; a true French citizen must look upon it as treason, for it all comes through opposition to the eighteen articles. But M. Ramiro, what do you suppose they would do with the poor mulattoes if the black slaves, and we have black slaves, too, were to rise? and what would the poor mulattoes themselves do?"

"What they should do," replied the old planter, looking earnestly into Rigaud's impenetrable features, "what they *should* do, if they were animated by a genuine love of freedom, is as plain as the heavens above us. As oppressed men they should hasten to the standard of the oppressed. What you will do, M. André Rigaud, is another question. You will prefer, as oppressors, to say to your brother oppressors: Recognize our equality with you and we will unite with you in forging anew the chains of the slaves."

"If this were to take place," said Rigaud, very composedly, "both parties, whites and mulattoes, would show their wisdom, but I fear they will choose a third way. The white skin despises the yellow as well as the black. The mulatto hates both white and black, the former, because it arrogates superiority, and the latter, because it claims relationship and equal rights. The blacks rage with African fury against white and yellow. They are blood-thirsty brutes, who devour everything, and will at last devour one another, like our big rats. Look out, M. Ramiro, we shall live to see strange things."

"Aha!" cried the old man, laying his hand upon Rigaud's shoulder, "and you suppose, now, that your hour is come? There go strange rumours about the revolt of the blacks. Now it has broken out, the cunning yellow man, looks calmly on, while the white planters and soldiers harass themselves in vain, in the wild mornes, trying to catch the black beasts. Camps are formed in Vereltes, Jacmel, in Mirebalais, for the blacks know the best hiding places, and now the cry is: Give us freedom and equality, ye gentlemen whites, what can you, who at the best number only 20,000, what can you do against this countless black host? Choose our friendship, and we will fight for you, or 80,000 yellow arms will be raised against you and your arrogance, and burn your houses and cities, and unite with the despised blacks to exterminate you from this soil."

"O! fy," answered Rigaud, with a smile, "who will want to be hail-fellow well met with the despised slaves. You jest, Ramiro, for you know very well, how hateful the black brood is to my yellow brethren. Let us go to our friends there, seated on the shore. This land belongs to us, as far as we can see, and by Heaven! it shall remain to us and to our children. These mountains, these woods are our property, our free property. M. Ramiro, 80,000 brave men will maintain it against white and black robbers; and France, the mother of us all, will protect her yellow citizens."

"These clever citizens!" cried the old planter, with affected feeling. "She must be an unnatural mother if she does not take care of them."

"But, hear, André, hear, you wise man, of whom so many blockheads swear, that you know everything, do you know, also, that the birds in Paris sing a strange song of freedom? Yet you must know it; your hero, the Abbé Gregoire, with his red Jacobin cap, sends you his holy pastoral letters by every ship. There are the Mirabeaus, Barnaves, Lameths, and whatever the fools are called, who declaim so loudly about the liberty and equality of all men,—these fools fancy that the black slaves have just as good rights as you, or the best white baron in the Island; and fy! the devil! you will not bear this disgrace? Take care, my dear friend, that these new relations do not insist upon their kith and kin to you: drive these wild fancies out of the heads of the crazy fanatics, prove to them that there must be slaves to all eternity, and that the black hide is alone born to servitude. You have bought your slaves, they are your property as well as this soil, but the act of your white father, who gave you life, that constitutes your right to freedom. What matters it to you, that your mother, or grandmother, or great grandmother, came from Congo, and served your white ancestors. Blot out the hated remembrance, and out with the tongue, too, that dares to mention it. Yellow is the colour of the sun, the colour of light. Cursed pride, which the puny white cherishes; cursed impudence of the slaves who maintain that the bright black skin is the original colour, and despise the mongrel."

"Hear, Rigaud," he continued with increased animation, "I have it! Just humble the whites till they beg for peace, and then the blacks, till they cry peccavi, and then"—here he bowed with mock solemnity—"long life to his mulatto majesty, King Rigaud the 1st!"

The yellow planter laughed aloud, as, accompanied by the old man, he approached the ridge of the eminence, and pointed to a group of figures sitting close together on the steep shore under the shade of a gigantic wild fig-tree.

"Look there!" whispered he to Ramiro, "and say nothing more of my majesty, unless you seek my death, the air might carry your words and whisper them to some bird singing among the branches of that tree, and there sit a parcel of furious republicans, who would cut me to pieces with their knives, and tear out my heart with their hands, if they dreamed that any one had named me King, even in jest."

Ramiro paused, and cast a curious and inquisitive glance over the group. The western sky was in a glow, announcing a stormy night. Little red and yellow clouds parted from a dark and fire-streaked mass of vapour and scudded rapidly before the sun, which was now hidden for a moment, and then burst forth again, pouring its beams through the deep shade of the tree upon the noisy company below. Several young men were seated on the mossy carpet of the soil, others were stretched out in a half circle, throwing dice and gambling deep, amidst laughter and rage. Portuguese gold pieces rolled from their hands, and all the wild passions of the Creole gleamed in the eyes of the losers. A few steps from this circle, at the foot of the tree, sate a beautiful young woman, whose white arm rested upon a dusky mulatto, who lay with his head in her lap, the reclining figure was clad in a hunter's dress, and his rifle was at his side. His bold countenance was softened by love. His large, earnest eyes beamed with tenderness and a roguish delight, and as he, in low secret talk now threw his arm passionately round the fair one, or drank in her smile with burning looks, or as he twisted her long beautiful hair round his finger and covered it with kisses, or received, now impatiently and now with a comic humility, the little raps she gave him for his impudence, the countenance of the old Ramiro, as he looked on from behind the tree, was flushed with emotion, his eyes filled with tears, and he pressed violently the hand of the quiet, cold Rigaud, who stood in a reverie at his side. "I am a silly old creature," said he, "to weep over the mad child's play of two lovers; but good God! do I not remember the days of my own youth? My old heart begins to beat again with joy and pain, the doors of the Past lie open, I see myself as I once was, an ardent youth, with a heart as full of love as his there, and now I remain here old and lonely—O! the d——l take it! no," he continued, hastily, "away with ye, ye forgotten days. It is tears of joy that I weep, for that loving wife there is my only child, and the wild huntsman at her feet is her joy, her heart, her life, the madcap rogue there will kiss her lips off."

(To be Continued.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

The Evening Mirror has a correspondent who writes under the happy signature of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. He makes a good many capital hits at the Foreign correspondents of other newspapers, and tells probably full as much truth as many of them. We make an extract from one published a few weeks since, and another purporting to have come by the last steamer. In the first, Pinto is on a visit to Sir Robert Peel:

After making my toilet, I descended to the drawing-room, where I found a foreign-looking gentleman with whom I was quite charmed. It happened that Sir Robert and Lady Peel had gone to an agricultural dinner, and were not expected back until after supper. So I talked an hour or two with the foreign gentleman, and thought him the most entertaining person I had ever encountered. I found that he knew everything, and could talk me blind; he wore the cross of the Legion of Honour, from which I inferred, rather than from his tongue, that he was a Frenchman. Perhaps it is Thiers or Guizot, I thought. But he was much too good-looking to be either of those statesmen. I asked the butler if he knew him. But he only knew that he was "one of the big nobs from France." Big nobs were so common at Drayton Manor, that the servants never troubled themselves to remember their names. It might be Count Mole, the Duc de Fitzjames, or M. Berryer. I could not discover from his conversation who, or what he was. He was very good-looking, full of life and humour, and rather showily dressed. His jewelry I thought rather profuse. We supped together, and then I retired to rest, before the return of Sir Robert. The famous *chapeau de paille* of Rubens, for which Sir Robert paid fifteen thousand dollars, hung in my room. It is a good painting; the flesh tints are unsurpassable, but take it as a whole, I assure you that your countryman Page has painted better pictures. But this famous painting lost all attraction in my eyes, when I discovered hanging by the side of my bed a portrait of General Jackson, and a copy of the Declaration of Independence. These had been hung there, out of compliment to me, by Lady Peel. I slept very sound that night, dreaming of freedom and my country.

At breakfast I experienced another proof of the delicate hospitality of my distinguished hostess; she had served up for me a dish of hominy, and a plate of Indian slap-jacks. The cook, it appears, had followed a recipe sent to Sir Robert by Elihu Burritt, for cooking Indian meal, and dreadful work he made of it. The truth is I could never endure corn-meal in any shape, but I tried hard to swallow these abominable preparations, for fear of being thought ungrateful. The English think that Americans can eat nothing but hominy and slap-jacks. But my hostess attempted to make me swallow something more unpalatable than this. At dinner I met the agreeable foreigner with whose conversation I had been so completely charmed the night before. "Allow me," said Sir Robert, as the graceful stranger entered, "to introduce you to Alexander Dumas." "To whom?" I exclaimed, rising from the table, and assuming an air of proud dignity. "To my distinguished friend, Alexander Dumas," repeated Sir Robert, with his bland smile.

"Excuse me, Sir Robert," I replied, striving to speak with a calm dignity. "Is not your *friend* the descendant of the Marquis de Pailleteir? Sir, I am an American, a citizen of that free and happy country, and I cannot consent to degrade myself by sitting at the same table with an African."

As I uttered these words, this insolent descendant of an African slave smiled scornfully, and seated himself at the table. Remembering what was due to myself and my country, I withdrew from the dining-room, followed by Lady Peel, who begged that I would return. "Consider," she said, "it is not Dumas, but Sir Robert, that you offend by refusing to sit at table with one of his friends.

But this was a point which I could not, and would not concede. No, my country, I love your glorious institutions too well! I wished by my conduct to convince Europe and Sir Robert Peel, that our national feelings are not to be tampered with. I accordingly immediately left Drayton, and took lodgings at the Red Lion Inn, where I am writing this letter. Sir Robert will be cautioned by this never again to insult an American.

In the next the scene is laid at the seat of the Duke of Argyle:

But the very day after writing my last letter, on returning from a hard day's sport with Eglintoun and half-a-dozen German princess who had but recently arrived at the castle, I met the Duke's *valet* in the hall, and asked what arrivals there had been, in our absence. He told me that one of the Douglasses, from America, a very famous gentleman, was then in the library with his master. Well, said I to myself, as I dressed for dinner, a Douglass has a right here, to be sure, if he *is* an American. I could n't call to mind any of celebrity of that name, but had a glimmering recollection of a rich family of Douglasses on Long Island, and made up my mind to have a regular agricultural lecture on Indian corn. I knew that the Duke took a lively interest in the subject, although it is not possible to introduce the culture of it in the Highlands. However, I like to appear well before my countrymen, so I took unusual pains with my dress, and being a little longer than I should have been, I did not get down into the library until the guests had all been seated at dinner. I took my seat at the foot of the table, so far removed from the head, where the stranger sat, by the side of the Duke, that I could not clearly distinguish his features, for you know that I am near-sighted, and I said to a jolly-looking Scotch Doctor of Divinity who sat near me, "Pray, who is this Douglass that I hear has just arrived from America?"

"I do not precisely know who he is," replied his reverence, "but he is dark enough to be a relation of the family, and a lineal descendant from the black Douglass himself."

"Indeed," I replied, "doubtless he is a relative of his Grace. I remember his family very well;" for I saw from the attention paid him that he was a person of consequence, whom it might be desirable to know on my return. A relation of the Douglass family was not to be slighted, if he was an American, and I meant to know him.

"Well, Sir," said the divine, "he is no better than a Philistine; he has made a division in our Chaarch, and he is trying to make us send back the money. But we have got hold of the siller, and mean to keep it."

"Of course, of course," I said, not understanding the drift of the venerable old file's speech; and to prevent his discovering my ignorance, I turned the subject, and began to talk about red deer.

When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room, the Duke approached me, and said, "Mr. Pinto, I am proud to have the privilege of introducing you to your distinguished countryman, Mr Douglass."

"It gives me great pleasure," I replied, "to meet an American Douglass in the halls of his ancestors."

Judge of my surprise and indignation, when I reached out my hand to my distinguished countryman, to find him a dark mulatto. In two words, it was no other than the notorious runaway slave, Frederick Douglass, who has had the assurance to deliver lectures here against the insitutions of his own country; and who drove several venerable Doctors of Divinity out of Covent Garden Theatre by his harangues, when they had come all the way from America to attend some World's Convention about somthing or other. My blood was at boiling heat, in a moment, and drawing myself up at my full length, I said with a proud air to his Grace, before all his noble guests; "Sir, as the representative of a free and enlightened country—as a republican I resent this insult. I find that the days of exclusiveness are gone, and in their place those of reformers, and Abolitionists, and amalgamations have come. The glory of Europe has departed. I will return to my own country." This cut them to the quick, and to disguise their feelings they set up a loud laugh. But I was determined to mortify them still more, and immediately walked grandly out of the castle, with the intention of going directly to the inn. I took nothing with me but my hat, and stalked proudly across the lawn towards the road which leads into the village. The night was dark and cold, and soon a thick fog set in, and I lost my way. But I scorned to cry for assistance, and walked straight on, and presently found myself nearly up to my middle in a bog. With great difficulty I got upon firm land again, and being completely bewildered, and enveloped in mist, I sat down on the wet grass, and tried to see some Ossianic forms sweep by, it being a very suitable night for them, but without success. Then remembering the cause of freedom, for which I had deserted a lordly castle, I chanted Smollett's ode:

Thy spirit Independence let me share,
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,
I'll brave the tempest, with my breast all bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

It was very appropriate to my situation, and gave me considerable comfort, but still I was wet, and cold, and sleepy. In similar exercises I spent the whole night, and reached the "Duke's Arms," the name of the inn at Inverness, in time for breakfast.

The next morning, I sent for my portmanteau, and started immediately for London, where I arrived in safety, a wiser and better, but not a sadder man. Yours, &c. F. M. PINTO.

N. B. I have not yet decided where to spend the Christmas holydays. I have a dozen of two of invitations, and shall wait until they all come in, before I make a decision.

PATRIOTISM.

When any national propensity is consecrated into a virtue the greatest evils ensue. *Patriotism* is an instance of this. We are naturally led to give undue importance to ourselves,—this, when the individual is clearly the object of his own feelings, is called *selfishness.* But when, under the name of patriotism, each individual indulges himself in vanity, in pride, in ambition, in cruelty, and yet does it as an Englishman, as a Frenchman, as a Spaniard,—all these vices are reckoned as virtues.—*J. Blanco White.*

From the National Intelligencer.

THE NEW PLANET.

On this, the 9th of November, we find among our correspondent's extracts, the following, dated Paris, September 30, with the *note* "Highly important: translate it without delay." It is now somewhat late, but as this French bulletin gives us some new facts we still translate:

"In subjecting to a rigid examination the analytic theory of Uranus and his motions, Monsieur Leverrier recently perceived that the large irregularities detected in the movements of that planet arose from the action on it of an unknown star, of which he determined by calculation the precise position and diameter. All the predictions of his theory have just been verified; and our system has been enriched with a star one thousand two hundred and fifty millions of leagues from the sun, and about two hundred and thirty times as big as the earth. Under date of September 25, M. Galle, astronomer at Berlin, writes thus to Monsieur Leverrier:

"'Monsieur, the planet whose position you marked really exists. The very day I received your letter I found a star of the eighth magnitude, not laid down in the excellent map of Dr. Bremiker, which is one of the collection published by the Royal Academy of Berlin. My next day's observation showed the star to be the planet sought for. With Fraunhofer's great telescope, Mr. Encke and I have compared it," &c.

"Astronomers will learn with pleasure that the place of the new planet is just that assigned it in M. Leverrier's theory, as communicated to M. Galle, and as set down in the minutes of the Academy's meeting of 1st September, 1846. The diameter observed at Berlin is of three seconds, as M. Leverrier had foreseen.

"M. Galle seems to incline to naming the new-found member of our family circle about the sun, Janus, upon the hypothesis that it is on the confines (at the doors) of our system. But, as it is good not to go too fast, Mons. Leverrier, who evidently is entitled to stand godfather, does not like the designation, but prefers some other—say Neptune—that shall be agreed on by the astronomical world."

From the Boston Courier.

Extract from a letter, dated Berlin, October 12th, 1846:—

For some unknown reason, the name *Chronos* does not seem to please the discoverer of the *new planet*, and is rejected. Encke goes for *Janus;* but Le Verrier will not accept that, as it seems to imply a disbelief in any still more distant satellites. He prefers that of Neptune—a name which seems to me very inappropriate. I should vote for old father "*Chronos*," and give the hour-glass for a symbol. The objection is, however, that this name is Greek, while the others are Latin. The news-today is, that Le Verrier has given the name *Neptune* to the planet.

You have, no doubt, heard of the wonderful discovery of a preparation of cotton wool, which explodes like gunpowder. The name of the discoverer is Schönbein. He belongs to Geneva, and is now in London, trying to dispose of his invention to the English Government. Another person in Frankfort, on the Main, also claims to have discovered the same, and is in Paris endeavouring to sell his secret to the French Government.

The preparation is said to be much stronger than powder, and to possess the great advantage of not soiling, the gun-barrel. Professor Otto, of Brunswick, has disclosed the whole mystery; saying that as soon as he heard of it, he went to experimenting, and having succeeded in his researches, he publishes the results immediately, in detestation of a scientific man, who would make science venal. All that is necessary is, to soak the cotton wool in *fuming nitric acid;* then wash all the acid off by rinsing the cotton two or three times in water, and dry it. This is all. The cotton becomes as explosive as gunpowder; and if fine and well prepared, it will explode by being struck with a hammer upon an anvil.

Below is the statement of Dr. Otto, communicating the discovery:

Entirely independent of Schönbein and Bœttger, but relying on an observation of Pelouze, contained in the one hundred and thirty-sixth page of the first volume of my Manual of Chymistry, I have succeeded in producing an exploding cotton, which, after a series of experiments, seems quite suited to supply the place of gunpowder. In order to bring the results of important discoveries as speedily as possible to the highest stage of perfection, it seems to me necessary to lay them immediately before the public, in order that many persons may turn their attention to the subject. I scorn, therefore, to sell or take out a patent for my very interesting discovery, the consequences of which are not easy to be foreseen; and I now publish it for the general good of the public. In the preparation of the exploding cotton, common, well-cleaned cotton is dipped for about half a minute in highly concentrated nitric acid, (the acid which I use being made by the distillation of ten parts of dried saltpetre and six of oil of vitriol,) and then instantly placed in water, which must be often renewed, in order to free the cotton from the acid with which it is impregnated. Care must then be taken that all the knotty particles of the cotton are properly disentangled, and that it is thoroughly dried. After this, the explosive preparation is ready for use; its effects create astonishment in all who witness them, and the smallest portion explodes, when struck on an anvil with a hammer, like fulminating powder; when kindled with a glowing body it takes fire just like gunpowder, and when used in a gun its operation, though in a far greater proportion to its weight, is precisely the same as that of gunpowder. This gun-cotton is employed exactly in the same way as gunpowder; a piece of it is rammed down the barrel, then a bit of wadding, and after that a ball; a copper cap ignites and explodes the cotton. Without a single exception, all who have witnessed my experiments, have been most completely satisfied, but no one has mentioned the matter. The testimonials signed below by distinguished men, who are thoroughly acquainted with the use of firearms, will support my announcement. The testimonial is to the following effect:

Yesterday, the 4th of October, we, the undersigned, assisted at the first experiment of the exploding cotton, in the Laboratory in this city, and to-day we have convinced ourselves of its complete satisfactory results when used in firearms loaded with ball.

Dr. HARTIG,
Counsellor of Woods and Forests.
A. VON SCHWARTZKOPPEN,
Chief Ranger.
Brunswick, Oct. 5.

The Gun Cotton.—We erred last night in stating that the prepared cotton with which Mr. Peter Von Schmidt exhibited an experiment in our presence, had been used for five years in the Russian army. Mr. Von Schmidt assures us that he himself made the discovery five years since, and has employed it as a port-fire for rockets.

This morning we witnessed a striking experiment made by Mr. Von Schmidt with his preparation of the cotton. With about five grains of it he loaded a small revolving pistol, and with a percussion cap, fired a ball at the distance of eighteen feet. The ball perforated two planks, each one and a half inches thick, made a large dent in a third plank, and fell to the ground quite flattened. The report was quite loud, and the impulsive force very strong. At a distance of thirty feet, a similar ball perforated both sides of an empty flour barrel, and buried itself in the ground. It is a very remarkable circumstance that, according to the positive assurance of Mr. Von Schmidt, the elements of his preparation are entirely different from those of the compound prepared by Messrs. Shonbein and Otto, the German *savans*, in the possession of Mr. Robertson, of Bremen.—*Washington Union, November* 11.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

Four of the Queen's Jewels.—Her Majesty has a bracelet, ornamented with four magnificent diamonds formerly the property of female royalty, the death of each possessor having been unhappy and untimely. One of them belonged to the Princess Charlotte, two to Marie Antoinette, and the fourth to Mary Stuart.—*Manchester Advertiser.*

The Leaning Tower of Pisa during the Earthquake.—"I ran to see what had become of it," says the writer of a letter quoted in the *Builder*, "and great was my surprise at finding it still standing firm. What an object it must have formed at the moment of the shock! Those who had the opportunity of observing it, assured me that its vibrations were most awful."

Hint to the Ladies.—Some of Foster's peculiarities are amusing. He disliked fancy work, and observed, on being shown a bit of worsted work, with a great deal of red in it, that "it was red with the blood of murdered time;" thus differing from Johnson, who wished that gentlemen could be taught the use of the needle.—*Fraser.*

Dr. Spalding has published a reply to D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," which the Roman Catholics consider to be triumphant.

Turnips Too!—A gentleman of our acquaintance has lately taken up a plot of turnips, every one of which is inhabited and perforated at its core by a little miscreant of a maggot. How it got there it best knows itself. There is no path of ingress—no back door—no private passage—no avenue or burrow, or channel of communication in the solid bulb. The insect is alone, and shut in—the sole, solitary tenant of its self-contained tenement. It inhabits the exact centre of its own universe. It is bound up amid darkness in an absolute mountain of its own juicy food. No daylight—no companionship—no blue canopy—nothing but turnip, solid turnip, all around.—*Cambridge Advertiser.*

Mr. Garrison states that there are at least three million slaves in the United States, while the fundamental doctrine of the Constitution is that *all* men are born free and equal. They are not brought up so.

Slave-Trade.—It appears from returns just laid before Parliament, that in the year 1845, there were 56 ships of war (of 886 guns, and 9,269 men) employed for the suppression of the Slave-Trade. Of these, 13 were steam vessels, and 28 sloops; and 27 ships with 282 guns, and 3 334 men were employed on the west coast of Africa station. In the same year, 1845, the cost of the vessels on the west coast of Africa, was £291,501; and of vessels not exclusively used on the coast, £414,953, making a total of £709,454. There were 166 deaths on the west coast of Africa in the year, officers and men; and 93 in the vessels employed elsewhere, making a total of 259 deaths; moreover, there were 271 officers and men invalided—104 in the vessels on the west coast of Africa.

The Value of "Punch."—A person of the name of Mayhew, who appeared in the Bankruptcy Court on Tuesday, stated that he had originated *Punch*, and he estimated the profits of that publication at £10,000.

Coincidence.—It is mentioned as a remarkable coincidence that one vote carried the American tariff of 1824; one vote the tariff of 1 28; one vote in each House carried that of 1842; and by one vote in the Senate the tariff of 1846 has become a law.

The aggregate density of the population of England and Wales is in the ratio of 275 inhabitants to a square mile.

A Slight Mistake.—The *Courrier des Etats Unis*, among its amusing Parisian gossip, gives the following anecdote:

Attached to the Seminary of Evreux is a professor of mathematics, an excellent man and very learned and pious, who, although occupied chiefly by his scientific employment, often exercises the most pious functions. When any of the pupils have mislaid their books, it is customary for the professor to announce the fact after reading the evening prayer. Not long since, our mathematician had concluded the usual prayer, when one of the pupils approached, and, whispering in his ear said—

"Monsieur, will you announce if you please that I have lost my *grammaire?*"

Pre-occupied without doubt by the solution of some hidden problem, the pious man, misunderstanding the request, made the following announcement:

"Messieurs, M.—— prays me to announce to you that he has had the affliction of losing his *grand-'mere* (grandmother). We recommend her to your prayers."

"But it is my *grammaire Grecque* (Greek) that I have lost," said the young student, laughing at the mistake

"Messieurs, the poor lady was a Greek," added the professor, with an emphasis of compassionate pity, "God will have pity on her soul!"

This time the hilarity was general, and when the good man was covered with confusion at his mistake, there was a general burst of laughter.

A Change of Opinion.—Dr. Arnoldi, the Archbishop of Treves, so famous for his part in the "holy coat" affair, has addressed a circular to all the ecclesiastics of his diocese, recommending them in the most pressing terms, to employ all their influence to discourage the faithful from further pilgrimages to Treves, and stating that such demonstrations, far from being acts of piety, were rather prompted by vanity, savouring of superstition.

Save All.—Mr. Budd, of Swansea, has taken out a patent for the application, in the manufacture of iron, of clinkers produced in the combustion of coal, and heretofore regarded as useless.—*Builder.*

Infidelity and Red Herrings.—In one of his recent Anti-Slavery speeches, Mr. G. Thompson, in referring to the imputation of infidelity brought against him by his opponents, said that, in every struggle in which he had been engaged, he had always found his opponents imitate the tactics of sportsmen. Sportsmen, when they wanted to draw the dogs off the scent, tied a red herring to a string and drew it over the ground. He had always found in controversies plenty of red herrings, and this charge of infidelity was nothing but a red herring. Let them beware of red herrings."

In the United States factory labourers work seventy-eight hours a week; in France they work seventy-two to eighty-four hours of a week; in Prussia, seventy-two to ninety hours; in Switzerland, seventy-eight hours; in Austria, seventy-two to eighty hours; in Saxony, seventy-two hours; in Baden, eighty-four hours; in Bonn, ninety-four hours; and in England they work sixty-nine hours a week, or sixteen per cent. less than in any country on the continent.—*Mr W. Brown M. P. at the South Lancashire Election.*

NORTHAMPTON WATER-CURE.

Mr. Editor:—Will you allow me a place, in the columns of your paper, to express my grateful acknowledgments to the philanthropic citizens of Northampton and vicinity, who have been moved to patronize my humble effort to enlarge the Water-Cure Establishment, to an extent which enables me to furnish pleasant accommodations for between thirty and forty patients of both sexes; and to in